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SELECTION OF PSALMS.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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SELECT PORTIONS

FROM THE

AUTHORISED VERSION

OF THE

WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMS,

In Metre.

Protestant Episcopal Church

WITH THE HYMNS ANNEXED.



Baltimore:

PUBLISHED BY E. J. COALE.

1820.

JOHN D. TOY, PRINTER.

DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, *to wit*:


BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the ninth day of August, in the forty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, John Cole and Edward J. Coale, of the said district have deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

* SEAL. *

“Select Portions from the Authorised Version of the Whole Book of Psalms, in Metre, with the Hymns annexed.”

In conformity with an act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also to an act, entitled, “An act supplementary to an act, entitled, ‘An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

PHILIP MOORE,
Clerk of the District of Maryland.



PREFACE.

THE Book of Psalms, in metre, contains an ample fund of christian doctrine, and devout sentiment, for the purposes of prayer and praise; and in it we may find passages capable of being adapted to every occasion of public or private worship. But, notwithstanding its combined richness of matter, and singular beauty of style, a difficulty is often experienced in selecting and arranging a suitable portion for any particular devotional exercise. From a large number of connected verses, to retain only those most distinguished by an evangelical spirit, and most closely adapted to the subject proposed, would often tend to perplex the congre-

gation; and the apprehension entertained by some of such a result, has occasioned an attachment to Hymns of human composition, and a frequency in the use of them, by which *inspired* Psalmody is almost excluded from their worship.

Among the Rubrics in the Book of Common Prayer, there is one expressly designed to guard against such an exclusion, viz: "Wherever the Hymns are used at the celebration of divine service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David in metre shall be sung." And there is another, by which it is made "the duty of every Minister, either by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint portions of Psalms which are to be sung." In conformity with this direction, and to facilitate the observance of it, the following Selection is offered to the public.

Several selections of a similar nature, have been published for the use of the

Church in Great Britain, where the expediency of such a plan, has been long known and acknowledged. *Selection and arrangement* of verses are the principal objects of this volume, which will be found to contain all the most beautiful and devout portions of the Holy Psalter, and which has received the approbation of the Bishop and several of the Clergy of Maryland.



A

SELECTION OF PSALMS.

PSALM 1.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 6.

- 1 **H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk!
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
- 6 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PART SECOND—VER. 4, 5, 6.

- 4 **U**NGODLY men, and their attempts,
 No lasting root shall find;
 Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
 Like chaff before the wind.
- 5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
 Before their judge's face:
 No formal hypocrite shall then
 Among the saints have place.
- 6 For God approves the just man's ways;
 To happiness they tend;
 But sinners, and the paths they tread,
 Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM 2.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **W**ITH restless and ungovern'd rage,
 Why do the heathen storm?
 Why in such rash attempts engage,
 As they can ne'er perform?
- 2 The great in counsel and in might,
 Their various forces bring;
 Against the Lord they all unite,
 And his anointed king.
- 3 "Must we submit to their commands?"
 Presumptuously they say:
 "No, let us break their slavish bands,
 "And cast their chains away."
- 4 But God, who sits enthron'd on high,
 And sees how they combine,
 Does their conspiring strength defy.
 And mocks their vain design.

PART SECOND—VER. 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13.

- 7 **A**TTEND, O earth, whilst I declare
 God's uncontroll'd decree;
 "Thou art my Son; this day, my heir,
 "Have I begotten thee.
- 8 "Ask, and receive thy full demands;
 "Thine shall the heathen be;
 "The utmost limits of the lands
 "Shall be possess'd by thee.
- 9 "Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake,
 "And crush them ev'ry where;
 "As massy bars of iron break
 "The potter's brittle ware."
- 10 Learn then, ye princes; and give ear,
 Ye judges of the earth;
 Worship the Lord with holy fear;
 Rejoice with awful mirth.
- 12 Appease the Son with due respect,
 Your timely homage pay:
 Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
 Incens'd by your delay.
- 13 If but in part his anger rise,
 Who can endure the flame?
 Then blest are they, whose hope relies
 On his most holy name.

PSALM 3.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8.

- 1 **H**OW many, Lord, of late are grown
 The troubles of my peace!
 And as their numbers hourly rise,
 So does their rage increase.

- 2 Insulting, they my soul upbraid,
 And him whom I adore;
 "The God in whom he trusts," say they,
 "Shall rescue him no more."
- 3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence;
 On thee my hopes rely;
 Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
 Lift up my head on high.
- 4 Since whensoever, in like distress,
 To God I made my pray'r,
 He heard me from his holy hill;
 Why should I now despair?
- 5 Guarded by him, I laid me down,
 My sweet repose to take;
 For I through him securely sleep,
 Through him in safety wake.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
 He only can defend:
 His blessing he extends to all
 That on his pow'r depend.

PSALM 4.

PART FIRST—VER. 2, 3, 4, 5.

- 2 **H**OW long will ye, O sons of men,
 To blot my fame devise?
 How long your vain designs pursue,
 And spread malicious lies?
- 3 Consider that the righteous man
 Is God's peculiar choice;
 And, when to him I make my pray'r,
 He always hears my voice.

- 4 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.
- 5 The place of other sacrifice
Let righteousness supply;
And let your hope, securely fix'd,
On God alone rely.

PART SECOND—VER. 1, 6, 7, 8.

- 1 **O** LORD thou art my righteous judge,
To my complaint give ear:
Thou still redeem'st me from distress;
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
- 6 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous times to see;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
- 7 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.
- 8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possess'd.

PSALM 5.

VER. 1, 3, 5, 7.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r;
To thee alone, my king, my God,
Will I for help repair.

- 3 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
 And with the dawning day
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.
- 5 Not long shall stubborn fools remain
 Unpunish'd in thy view;
 All such as act unrighteous things
 Thy vengeance shall pursue.
- 7 But when thy boundless grace shall me
 To thy lov'd courts restore,
 On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
 And humbly there adore.

PSALM 6.

VER. 1, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **T**HY dreadful anger, Lord restrain,
 And spare a wretch forlorn;
 Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
 Too heavy to be borne.
- 3 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,
 And fills my soul with grief:
 But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
 To grant me thy relief?
- 4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
 And ease my troubled soul;
 Lord, for thy wond'rous mercy's sake,
 Vouchsafe to make me whole.
- 5 For after death no more can I
 Thy glorious acts proclaim;
 No pris'ner of the silent grave
 Can magnify thy name.

PSALM 7.

VER. 8, 9, 10, 12, 17.

- 8 **I**MPARTIAL judge of all the world,
 I trust my cause to thee;
 According to my just deserts,
 So let thy sentence be.
- 9 Let wicked arts and wicked men
 Together be o'erthrown;
 But guard the just, thou God, to whom
 The hearts of both are known.
- 10 God me protects; not only me,
 But all of upright heart;
 And daily lays up wrath for those
 Who from his laws depart.
- 12 If they persist, he whets his sword,
 His bow stands ready bent;
 Ev'n now with swift destruction wing'd,
 His pointed shafts are sent.
- 17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
 Of Providence proclaim;
 I'll sing the praise of God most high,
 And celebrate his name.

PSALM 8

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!
- 2 In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;

And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wond'rous kind?

5 Him next in pow'r thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd, with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.

9 O thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou,
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM 9.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 7, 9, 10, 11.

1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

7 The Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepar'd;
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish, or reward.

9 God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

- 10 All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
That on his help rely'd.
- 11 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

PART SECOND—VER. 15, 16, 17, 18.

- 15 **D**EEP in the pit they digg'd for me,
The heathen pride is laid;
Their guilty feet to their own snare
Are heedlessly betray'd.
- 16 Thus, by the just returns he makes,
The mighty Lord is known;
While wicked men, by their own plots,
Are shamefully o'erthrown.
- 17 No single sinner shall escape,
By privacy obscur'd;
Nor nation, from his just revenge,
By numbers be secur'd.
- 18 His suff'ring saints, when most distress'd,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectations shall be crown'd,
Though for a time delay'd.

PSALM 11.

VER. 4, 5, 6, 7.

- 4 **T**HE Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above;
Where he surveys the sons of men,
And how their councils move.

- 5 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct,
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?
- 6 Snares, fire and brimstone, on their heads
Shall in one tempest show'r;
This dreadful mixture, his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.
- 7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace;
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

PSALM 13.

VER. 1, 3, 5, 6.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return?
- 3 Oh! hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.
- 5 Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing;
Thy saving health will come, and then
My heart with joy shall spring.
- 6 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To thee my God ascend:
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty did'st extend.

PSALM 14.

VER. 1, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 **S**URE wicked fools must needs suppose,
That God is nothing but a name;
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows;
No breast is warm'd with holy flame.
- 4 But can these workers of deceit
Be all so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like bread, my people eat,
And God's almighty pow'r disown?
- 5 How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake?
For to the righteous God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.
- 6 Ill men, in vain, with scorn expose
Those methods which the good pursue:
Since God a refuge is for those,
Whom his just eyes with favour view.

PSALM 15.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7.

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair;
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?
- 2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.
- 3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.

- 4 Who vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
 Can treat with just neglect;
 And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood;
 And though he promise to his loss,
 He makes his promise good.
- 7 The man, who by this steady course
 Has happiness insur'd;
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand
 By providence secur'd.

PSALM 16.

VER. 5, 8, 9, 10, 11.

- 5 **M**Y lot is fall'n in that blest land
 Where God is truly known;
 He fills my cup with lib'ral hand,
 'Tis he supports my throne.
- 8 I strive each action to approve
 To his all-seeing eye;
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because he still is nigh.
- 9 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice;
 My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
 Wak'd by his pow'ful voice.
- 10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath
 My soul from hell shalt free;
 Nor let thy Holy One in death
 The least corruption see.

- 11 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM 17.

VER. 1, 5, 6, 8.

- 1 **T**O my just plea and sad complaint
Attend, O righteous Lord;
And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
A gracious ear afford.
- 5 That I may still, in spite of wrongs,
My innocence secure,
O guide me in thy righteous ways,
And make my footsteps sure.
- 6 Since, heretofore, I ne'er in vain
To thee my pray'r address'd;
O! now, my God, incline thine ear
To this my just request.
- 8 O! keep me in thy tend'rest care;
Thy shelt'ring wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage foes,
That compass me about.

PSALM 18.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 18.

- 1 **N**O change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

- 2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.
- 3 To thee I will address my pray'r,
 (To whom all praise we justly owe;)
 So shall I, by thy watchful care,
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
- 18 His subtle rage had near prevail'd,
 When I distress'd and friendless lay;
 But still, when other succours fail'd,
 God was my firm support and stay.

PART SECOND—VER. 4, 6, 7, 15.

- 4 **B**Y floods of wicked men distress'd,
 With seas of sorrow compass'd round,
 With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,
 In death's unwieldly fetters bound;
- 6 To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
 To God address'd my humble moan;
 Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
 And heard me from his lofty throne.
- 7 When God arose my part to take,
 The conscious earth was struck with fear:
 The hills did at his presence shake,
 Nor could his dreadful fury bear.
- 15 The deep its secret stores disclos'd,
 The world's foundations naked lay;
 By his avenging wrath expos'd,
 Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

PART THIRD—VER. 17, 18, 19, 21.

- 17 **G**OD his resistless pow'r employ'd
 My strongest foes' attempts to break;
 Who else with ease had soon destroy'd
 The weak defence that I could make.
- 18 Their subtle rage had near prevail'd,
 When I distress'd and friendless lay;
 But still when other succours fail'd,
 God was my firm support and stay.
- 19 From dangers that inclos'd me round,
 He brought me forth, and set me free,
 For some just cause his goodness found,
 That mov'd him to delight in me.
- 21 For I his judgments keep in sight,
 In his just paths I always trod;
 I never did his statutes slight,
 Nor loosely wander from my God.

PART FOURTH—VER. 25, 26, 27, 30, 31.

- 25 **T**HOU suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
 To various paths of human kind;
 They who for mercy merit praise,
 With thee shall wond'rous mercy find.
- 26 Thou to the just shall justice show;
 The pure thy purity shall see;
 Such as perversely choose to go,
 Shall meet with due returns from thee.
- 27 That he the humble soul will save,
 And crush the haughty's boasted might,
 In me the Lord an instance gave,
 Whose darkness he has turn'd to light.

- 30 For God's designs shall still succeed,
 His word will bear the utmost test;
 He's a strong shield to all that need,
 And on his sure protection rest.
- 31 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
 But God, on whom my hopes depend?
 Or who, except the mighty Lord,
 Can with resistless pow'r defend?

PSALM 19.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill;
 The firmament and stars express
 Their great Creator's skill.
- 2 The dawn of each returning day
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
 And from the dark returns of night
 Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their pow'rful language to no realm
 Or region is confin'd;
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood
 Alike by all mankind.
- 4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
 Through earth's extent display;
 Whose bright contents the circling sun
 Does round the world convey.

PART SECOND—VER. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

- 7 **G**OD'S perfect law converts the soul;
 Reclaims from false desires:
 With sacred wisdom his sure word
 The ignorant inspires.

- 8 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 9 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd.
- 10 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.
- 11 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those,
Who by thy precepts live.

PART THIRD—VER. 7, 12, 13, 14.

- 7 **G**OD'S perfect law converts the soul:
Reclaims from false desires:
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
- 12 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all!
- 13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
The great transgression flee.

- 14 So shall my pray'r and praises be
 With thy acceptance blest;
 And I secure, on thy defence,
 My strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM 22.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 11.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me;
 When I with anguish faint?
 O! why so far from me remov'd,
 And from my loud complaint?
- 2 All day, but all the day unheard,
 To thee do I complain;
 With cries implore relief all night;
 But cry all night in vain.
- 3 Yet thou art still the righteous judge
 Of innocence oppress'd;
 And therefore Israel's praises are
 Of right to thee address'd.
- 11 Withdraw not then so far from me,
 When trouble is so nigh;
 O! send me help! thy help, on which
 I only can rely.

PART SECOND—VER. 1, 6, 7, 8.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me
 When I with anguish faint?
 O why so far from me remov'd,
 And from my loud complaint?

- 6 For I am treated like a worm;
 Like none of human birth;
 Not only by the great revil'd,
 But made the rabble's mirth.
- 7 With laughter all the gazing crowd,
 My agonies survey;
 They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
 And thus deriding say;
- 8 "In God he trusted, boasting oft
 "That he was Heav'n's delight;
 "Let God come down to save him now,
 "And own his favourite."

PART THIRD—VER. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

- 14 **M**Y blood like water's spill'd, my joints
 Are rack'd and out of frame;
 My heart dissolves within my breast,
 Like wax before the flame.
- 15 My strength, like potter's earth, is parch'd;
 My tongue cleaves to my jaws;
 And to the silent shades of death
 My fainting soul withdraws.
- 16 Like blood hounds, to surround me, they
 In pack'd assemblies meet:
 They pierc'd my inoffensive hands:
 They pierc'd my harmless feet.
- 17 My body's rack'd, till all my bones
 Distinctly may be told;
 Yet such a spectacle of woe
 As pastime they behold.

- 18 As spoil my garments they divide,
 Lots for my vesture cast;
 Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength,
 And to my succour haste.

PART FOURTH—VER. 23, 27, 28, 29, 30.

- 23 “**Y**E worshippers of Jacob’s God,
 “All you of Israel’s line,
 “O praise the Lord, and to your praise
 “Sincere obedience join.”

- 27 Then shall the glad converted world
 To God their homage pay;
 And scatter’d nations of the earth
 One sov’reign Lord obey.

- 28 ’Tis his supreme prerogative
 O’er subject kings to reign;
 ’Tis just that he should rule the world,
 Who does the world sustain.

- 29 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
 His bounty must confess;
 The sons of want, by him reliev’d,
 Their gen’rous patron bless.

With humble worship to his throne
 They all for aid resort;
 That pow’r, which first their beings gave,
 Can only them support.

- 30 Then shall a chosen spotless race,
 Devoted to his name,
 To their admiring heirs his truth,
 And glorious acts, proclaim.

PART FIFTH—VER. 25, 26, 27, 29.

25 **T**HUS, in thy sacred courts, will I
 My cheerful thanks express;
 In presence of thy saints perform
 The vows of my distress.

26 The meek companions of my grief
 Shall find my table spread;
 And all that seek the Lord, shall be
 With joys immortal fed.

27 Then shall the glad converted world
 To God their homage pay;
 And scatter'd nations of the earth
 One sov'reign Lord obey.

29 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
 His bounty must confess:
 The sons of want, by him reliev'd,
 Their gen'rous patron bless.

With humble worship to his throne
 They all for aid resort;
 That pow'r, which first their beings gave,
 Can only them support.

PSALM 23.

1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide;
 The shepherd, by whose constant care,
 My wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
 And gently there repose;
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where
 Refreshing water flows.

- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
 And, to his endless praise,
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk
 In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
 From fear and danger free;
 For there his aiding rod and staff
 Defend and comfort me.
- 5 In presence of my spiteful foes
 He does my table spread;
 He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
 With oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
 Through all my life extend,
 That life to him I will devote,
 And in his temple spend.

PSALM 24.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 The Lord's her fullness is;
 The world and they that dwell therein,
 By sov'reign right are his.
- 2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas:
 And his almighty hand,
 Upon inconstant floods, has made
 The sable fabric stand.
- 3 But for himself, this Lord of all
 One chosen seat design'd;
 O! who shall to that sacred hill
 Deserv'd admittance find?

- 4 The man, whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.
- 5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall show'r his blessings down;
Whom God, his Saviour, shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.
- 6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
The sacred courts are trod;
And such the proselytes that seek
The face of Jacob's God.

PART SECOND—VER. 7, 8, 9, 10.

- 7 **E**RECT your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The king of glory: see, he comes,
With his celestial train.
- 8 Who is the king of glory? who?
The Lord, for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.
- 9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold,
In state to entertain
The king of glory: see, he comes,
With all his shining train.
- 10 Who is the king of glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is king,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM 25.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 4, 6.

- 1 **T**O God, in whom I trust,
 I lift my heart and voice;
 O! let me not be put to shame,
 Nor let my foes rejoice.
- 3 Those who on thee rely,
 Let no disgrace attend;
 Be that the shameful lot of such,
 As wilfully offend.
- 4 To me thy truth impart,
 And lead me in thy way;
 For thou art he that brings me help;
 On thee I wait all day.
- 6 Thy mercies and thy love,
 O Lord, recall to mind;
 And graciously continue still,
 As thou wert ever, kind.

PART SECOND—VER. 7, 8, 9, 10.

- 7 **L**ET all my youthful crimes
 Be blotted out by thee;
 And for thy wond'rous goodness' sake.
 In mercy think on me.
- 8 His mercy, and his truth,
 The righteous Lord displays,
 In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
 And teaching them his ways.
- 9 He those in justice guides,
 Who his direction seek;
 And in his sacred paths shall lead
 The humble and the meek.

- 10 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine:
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

PART THIRD—VER. 11, 12, 13, 14.

- 11 **S**INCE mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy name.
- 12 Whoe'er, with humble fear,
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.
- 13 His quiet soul with peace
Shall be for ever bless'd;
And by his num'rous race the land
Successively possess'd.
- 14 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts;
And does his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.

PART FOURTH—VER. 16, 17, 18.

- 16 **O**! turn, and all my griefs,
In mercy, Lord, redress;
For I am compass'd round with woes,
And plung'd in deep distress.
- 17 The sorrows of my heart
To mighty sums increase;
O! from this dark and dismal state
My troubled soul release!

- 18 Do thou with tender eyes,
 My sad affliction see;
 Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
 Entirely set me free.

PSALM 26.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 6, 7, 12.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
 Of righteousness have trod;
 I cannot fail, who all my trust
 Repose on thee, my God.
- 6 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
 And bring a heart so pure,
 That, when thy altar I approach,
 My welcome shall secure.
- 7 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
 How thy renown excels;
 That seat affords me most delight,
 In which thy honour dwells.
- 12 In spite of all assaulting foes,
 I still maintain my ground;
 And shall survive among thy saints,
 Thy praises to resound.

PART SECOND—VER. 2, 4, 5, 6.

- 2 **S**EARCH thou my heart, whose innocence
 Will shine the more 'tis try'd;
 For I have kept thy grace in view,
 And made thy truth my guide.
- 4 I never for companions took
 The idle or profane;
 No hypocrite, with all his arts,
 Could e'er my friendship gain.

5 I hate the busy plotting crew,
 Who make distracted times;
 And shun their wicked company,
 As I avoid their crimes.

6 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
 And bring a heart so pure,
 That, when thy altar I approach,
 My welcome shall secure.

PART THIRD*—VER. 6, 7.

6 **I**'LL wash my hands in innocence,
 And bring a heart so pure,
 That, when thy altar I approach,
 My welcome shall secure.

7 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
 How thy renown excels;
 That seat affords me most delight,
 In which thy honour dwells.

*To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.*

PSALM 27.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 4, 5, 6.

1 **W**HOM should I fear, since God to me
 Is saving health and light?
 Since strongly he my life supports,
 What can my soul affright?

* To be sung after Morning Prayer, at the consecration of a church.—See the Rubrick.

- 4 Henceforth, within his house to dwell
 I earnestly desire;
 His wond'rous beauty there to view,
 And of his will inquire.
- 5 For there I may with comfort rest,
 In times of deep distress;
 And safe, as on a rock, abide
 In that secure recess.
- 6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes
 My lofty head shall raise;
 And I my joyful tribute bring,
 With grateful songs of praise.

PART SECOND—VER. 7, 8, 9, 10.

- 7 **C**ONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,
 Whene'er to thee I cry;
 In mercy my complaints receive,
 Nor my request deny.
- 8 When us to seek thy glorious face
 Thou kindly dost advise;
 "Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
 My grateful heart replies.
- 9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
 Nor me in wrath reject;
 My God and Saviour, leave not him,
 Thou didst so oft protect.
- 10 Though all my friends, and kindred too,
 Their helpless charge forsake;
 Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
 Wilt care and pity take.

PART THIRD—VER. 11, 12, 13, 14:

- 11 **I**NSTRUCT me in thy paths, O Lord,
 My ways directly guide;
 Lest envious men, who watch my steps,
 Should see me tread aside.
- 12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes;
 Defeat their ill desire,
 Whose lying lips, and bloody hands,
 Against my peace conspire.
- 13 I trusted that my future life
 Should with thy love be crown'd;
 Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
 With sorrow compass'd round.
- 14 God's time with patient faith expect,
 Who will inspire thy breast
 With inward strength: do thou thy part,
 And leave to him the rest.

PSALM 28.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6.

- 1 **O** LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,
 In sighs consume my breath;
 O! answer, or I shall become
 Like those that sleep in death.
- 2 Regard my supplication, Lord,
 The cries that I repeat,
 With weeping eyes, and lifted hands,
 Before thy mercy seat.
- 3 Let me escape the sinners' doom,
 Who make a trade of ill;
 And ever speak the person fair,
 Whose blood they mean to spill.

- 5 Since they the works of God despise,
 Nor will his grace adore;
 His wrath shall utterly destroy,
 And build them up no more.
- 6 But I, with due acknowledgement,
 His praises will resound,
 From whom the cries of my distress
 A gracious answer found.

PSALM 29.

VER. 1, 3, 4, 7, 10.

- 1 **Y**E princes, that in might excel,
 Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
 God's glorious actions loudly tell,
 His wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
- 3 'Tis he, that with amazing noise,
 The wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks;
 The ocean trembles at his voice,
 When he from heav'n in thunder speaks.
- 4 How full of pow'r his voice appears!
 With what majestic terror crown'd!
 Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
 And strews their scatter'd branches round.
- 7 When God in thunder loudly speaks,
 And scatter'd flames of light'ning sends,
 The forest nods, the desert quakes,
 And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.
- 10 God rules the angry floods on high;
 His boundless sway shall never cease;
 His saints with strength he will supply,
 And bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM 30.

VER. 2, 4, 5, 10.

- 2 **I**N my distress I cry'd to thee,
 Who kindly didst relieve,
 And from the grave's expecting jaws
 My hopeless life retrieve.
- 4 Thus to his courts ye saints of his,
 With songs of praise repair;
 With me commemorate his truth,
 And providential care.
- 5 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
 His favour no decay;
 Your night of grief is recompens'd
 With joy's returning day.
- 10 Hear me, O Lord; in mercy hear;
 Thy wonted aid extend;
 Do thou send help, on whom alone
 I can for help depend.

PSALM 31.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 5, 14.

- 1 **D**EFEND me, Lord, from shame,
 For still I trust in thee;
 As just and righteous is thy name,
 From danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
 And speedy succour send;
 Do thou my stedfast rock appear,
 To shelter and defend.

5 To thee, the God of truth,
 My life, and all that's mine,
 (For thou preserv'dst me from my youth)
 I willingly resign.

14 But still my stedfast trust
 I on thy help repose:
 That thou, my God, art good and just,
 My soul with comfort knows.

PART SECOND—VER. 15, 16, 19, 23, 24.

15 **W**HATE'ER events betide,
 Thy wisdom times them all;
 Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
 From those that seek his fall.

16 The brightness of thy face
 To me, O Lord, disclose;
 And, as thy mercies still increase,
 Preserve me from my foes.

19 How great thy mercies are
 To such as fear thy name,
 Which thou to those who trust thy care,
 Dost to the world proclaim!

23 O! all ye saints, the Lord
 With eager love pursue;
 Who to the just will help afford,
 And give the proud their due.

24 Ye that on God rely,
 Courageously proceed;
 For he will still your hearts supply
 With strength, in time of need.

PSALM 32.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 5, 6.

- 1 **H**E's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd,
 No more in judgment to appear;
 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
 And whose repentance is sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
 My bones consum'd without relief;
 All day did I with anguish roar;
 But no complaints assuag'd my grief.
- 5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
 The guilt that tortur'd me within,
 But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
 And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 6 True penitents shall thus succeed,
 Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
 And, from the common deluge freed,
 Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.

PART SECOND—VER. 8, 9, 10, 11.

- 8 **I**N my instruction then confide,
 Ye that would truth's safe path descry;
 Your progress I'll securely guide,
 And keep you in my watchful eye.
- 9 Submit yourselves to wisdom's rule,
 Like men that reason have attain'd;
 Not like th' ungovern'd horse and mule
 Whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.
- 10 Sorrows on sorrows multiply'd,
 The harden'd sinner shall confound:
 But them who in his truth confide,
 Blessings of mercy shall surround.

- 11 His saints, that have perform'd his laws,
 Their life in triumph shall employ;
 Let them, as they alone have cause,
 In grateful raptures shout for joy.

PSALM 33.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 4, 12.

- 1 **L**ET all the just, to God, with joy,
 Their cheerful voices raise;
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
 In joyful concert meet;
 And new-made songs of loud applause
 The harmony complete.
- 4 For faithful is the word of God;
 His works with truth abound:
 He justice loves; and all the earth
 Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 12 How happy then are they to whom
 The Lord for God is known!
 Whom he, from all the world besides,
 Has chosen for his own.

PART SECOND—VER. 1, 6, 8, 11

- 1 **L**ET all the just, to God, with joy,
 Their cheerful voices raise;
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.
- 6 By his almighty word at first,
 The heav'nly arch was rear'd;
 And all the beauteous hosts of light
 At his command appear'd.

- 8 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
 Before him trembling stand;
 For, when he spake the word, 'twas made;
 'Twas fix'd at his command.
- 11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
 Shall stand for ever sure;
 The settled purpose of his heart
 To ages shall endure.

PART THIRD—VER. 11, 12, 18, 20, 22.

- 11 **W**HATE'ER the mighty Lord decrees
 Shall stand for ever sure;
 The settled purpose of his heart
 To ages shall endure.
- 12 How happy then are they, to whom
 The Lord for God is known!
 Whom he, from all the world besides,
 Has chosen for his own.
- 18 'Tis God, who those that trust in him
 Beholds with gracious eyes;
 He frees their soul from death; their want,
 In time of death supplies.
- 20 Our soul on God with patience waits;
 Our help and shield is he;
 Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
 Because we trust in thee.
- 22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
 Do thou to us extend;
 Since we, for all we want or wish,
 On thee alone depend.

PSALM 34.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 8.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distress'd
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O! magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name!
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.
- 8 O make but trial of his love!
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

PART SECOND—VER. 7, 8, 9.

- 7 **T**HE hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all,
 Who in his succour trust.
- 8 O! make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 9 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear:
 Make you his service your delight,
 Your wants shall be his care.

PART THIRD—VER. 10, 17, 21, 22.

- 10 **W**HILE hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him;
And see their needs supply'd.
- 17 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.
- 21 The wicked, from their wicked arts,
Their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and theirs survive.
- 22 For God preserves the souls of those,
Who on his truth depend;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessings shall descend.

PART FOURTH—VER. 11, 12, 14, 22.

- 11 **A**PPROACH, ye piously dispos'd
And my instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of God's religious fear.
- 12 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosp'rous days would see,
From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free.
- 14 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace, where 'tis begun:
And where 'tis lost, renew.

- 22 For God preserves the souls of those,
 Who on his truth depend;
 To them, and their posterity,
 His blessings shall descend.

PART FIFTH—VER. 12, 14, 15, 16.

- 12 **L**ET him who length of life desires,
 And prosp'rous days would see,
 From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
 His lips from falsehood free.
- 14 The crooked paths of vice decline,
 And virtue's ways pursue;
 Establish peace, where 'tis begun;
 And where 'tis lost, renew.
- 15 The Lord from heav'n beholds the just
 With favourable eyes;
 And when distress'd his gracious ear
 Is open to their cries;
- 16 But turns his wrathful look on those,
 Whom mercy can't reclaim,
 To cut them off, and from the earth
 Blot out their hated name.

PSALM 36.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 5, 6.

- 1 **M**Y crafty foe, with flatt'ring art,
 His wicked purpose would disguise;
 But reason whispers to my heart,
 He ne'er sets God before his eyes.
- 2 He soothes himself, retir'd from sight;
 Secure he thinks his treach'rous game;
 'Till his dark plots, expos'd to light,
 Their false contriver brand with shame.

- 5 But Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
 Above the heav'nly orb ascends;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 6 Thy justice like the hills remains;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
 Thy providence the world sustains;
 The whole creation is thy care.

PART SECOND—VER. 6, 7, 8, 9.

- 6 **T**HY justice like the hills remains;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
 Thy providence the world sustains;
 The whole creation is thy care.
- 7 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust.
- 8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast;
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 9 With thee the springs of life remain;
 Thy presence is eternal day;
 O! let thy saints thy favour gain;
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM 37.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 5.

- 1 **T**HOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
 Yet let not their successful state
 Thy anger or thy envy raise;
 For they, cut down like tender grass,
 Or like young flowers, away shall pass,
 Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

- 3 Depend on God, and him obey,
 So thou within the land shalt stay,
 Secure from danger and from want;
 Make his commands thy chief delight;
 And he, thy duty to requite,
 Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
- 5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
 And he will needful help afford,
 To perfect every just design;
 He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
 Thy clouded innocence appear,
 And as a mid-day sun to shine.

PART SECOND—VER. 5, 7, 8.

- 5 **I**N all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
 And he will needful help afford,
 To perfect every just design;
 He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
 Thy clouded innocence appear,
 And as a mid-day sun to shine.
- 7 With quiet mind on God depend,
 And patiently for him attend,
 Nor let thy anger fondly rise;
 Though wicked men with wealth abound,
 And with success the plots are crown'd
 Which they maliciously devise.
- 8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake;
 Let no ungovern'd passion make
 Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime;
 For God shall sinful men destroy;
 Whilst only they the land enjoy,
 Who trust in him, and wait his time,

PART THIRD—VER. 16, 18.

- 16 **A** LITTLE, with God's favour bless'd,
That's by one righteous man possess'd,
The wealth of many bad excels;
For God supports the just man's cause;
But as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful power he quells.
- 18 His constant care the upright guides,
And over all their life presides;
Their portion shall for ever last:
They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth,
Shall be unmoved, and even in dearth,
The happy fruits of plenty taste.

PART FOURTH—VER. 23, 25, 27.

- 23 **T**HE good man's way is God's delight;
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command;
Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd;
For God upholds him with his hand.
- 25 From my first youth, till age prevail'd,
I never saw the righteous fail'd,
Or want o'ertake his num'rous race;
Because compassion fill'd his heart,
And he did cheerfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth increase.
- 27 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days;
For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.

PART FIFTH—VER. 35, 37, 39.

- 35 **T**HE wicked I in power have seen,
 And like a bay-tree, fresh and green,
 That spreads its pleasant branches round:
 But he was gone as swift as thought;
 And, though in every place I sought,
 No sign or track of him I found.
- 37 Observe the perfect man with care,
 And mark all such as upright are;
 Their roughest days in peace shall end:
 While on the latter end of those
 Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
 A common ruin shall attend.
- 39 God to the just will aid afford;
 Their only safeguard is the Lord;
 Their strength in time of need is he:
 Because on him they still depend,
 The Lord will timely succour send,
 And from the wicked set them free.

PSALM 39.

VER. 4, 5, 6, 7.

- 4 **L**ORD, let me know my term of days,
 How soon my life will end:
 The numerous train of ills disclose,
 Which this frail state attend.
- 5 My life thou know'st is but a span;
 A cypher sums my years;
 And ev'ry man, in best estate,
 But vanity appears.
- 6 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
 With fruitless care oppress'd;
 He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
 By whom 'twill be possess'd.

- 7 Why then should I on worthless toys,
 With anxious care attend?
 On thee alone my steadfast hope
 Shall ever, Lord, depend.

PSALM 40.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **I** WAITED meekly for the Lord,
 Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
 Who did his gracious ear afford,
 And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
- 2 He took me from the dismal pit,
 When founder'd deep in miry clay;
 On solid ground he plac'd my feet,
 And suffer'd not my steps to stray.
- 3 The wonders he for me has wrought
 Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
 And others, to his worship brought,
 To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
- 4 For blessings shall that man reward,
 Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
 Who treats the proud with disregard,
 And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

PART SECOND—VER. 5, 6, 7.

- 5 **W**HO can the wond'rous works recount
 Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
 The treasures of thy love surmount
 The pow'r of numbers, speech and thought.
- 6 I've learnt, that thou hast not desir'd
 Off'rings and sacrifice alone;
 Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd,
 For man's transgression to atone.

- 7 I therefore come—come to fulfil
 The oracles thy books impart;
 'Tis my delight to do thy will;
 Thy law is written in my heart.

PSALM 41.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose tender care
 Relieves the poor distress'd!
 When troubles compass him around,
 The Lord shall give him rest.
- 2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
 In safety shall prolong;
 And disappoint the will of those
 That seek to do him wrong.
- 3 If he in languishing estate,
 Oppress'd with sickness lie;
 The Lord will easy make his bed,
 And inward strength supply.
- 4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
 I thus my pray'r address'd;
 "Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
 "Though I have much transgress'd."

PSALM 42.

VER. 1, 2, 4, 11.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase;
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine;
 O! when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou majesty divine!

- 4 I sigh, whene'er my musing thoughts
 Those happy days present,
 When I, with troops of pious friends,
 Thy temple did frequent.
- 11 Why restless, why cast down my soul:
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM 43.

VER. 3, 4, 5.

- 3 **L**ET me with light and truth be blest;
 Be these my guides to lead the way,
 Till on thy holy hill I rest,
 And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 4 Then will I there fresh altars raise
 To God, who is my only joy;
 And well tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.
- 5 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
 So much oppress'd with anxious care?
 On God, thy God, for aid rely,
 Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM 44.

VER. 1, 4, 23, 24, 26.

- 1 **O** LORD, our fathers oft have told
 In our attentive ears,
 Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
 And elder times than theirs.
- 4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,
 Thou art our sov'reign king;
 O! therefore, as thou didst to them,
 To us deliv'rance bring.

- 23 Awake arise; let seeming sleep
 No longer thee detain;
 Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
 For ever sue in vain.
- 24 Oh! wherefore hidest thou thy face
 From our afflicted state.
 Whose souls and bodies sink to earth
 With grief's oppressive weight.
- 26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
 To our deliv'rance make;
 Redeem us, Lord—if not for ours,
 Yet for thy mercy's sake.

PSALM 45.

VER. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- 2 **H**OW matchless is thy form, O King!
 Thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
 Because fresh blessings God on thee
 Eternally bestows.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince;
 And clad in rich array,
 With glorious ornaments of pow'r,
 Majestic pomp display.
- 4 Ride on in state, and still protect
 The meek, the just, and true;
 Whilst thy right hand with swift revenge,
 Does all thy foes pursue.
- 5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
 That dare thy pow'r despise!
 Down, down they fall, while through their heart
 The feather'd arrow flies.
- 6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd,
 For ever to endure;
 Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
 By righteous laws secure.

PSALM 46.

VER. 1, 4, 10.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge in distress;
 A present help when dangers press;
 In him, undaunted, we'll confide;
 Though earth were from her centre tost,
 And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn peace-meal by the roaring tide,
- 4 A gentler stream with gladness still
 The city of our Lord shall fill,
 The royal seat of God most high:
 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
 Shall mock the assaults of earthly pow'rs,
 While his Almighty aid is nigh.
- 10 Submit to God's Almighty sway;
 For him the heathen shall obey,
 And earth her sov'reign Lord confess;
 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM 47.

VER. 1, 3, 5, 7.

- 1 **O** ALL ye people clap your hands,
 And with triumphant voices sing;
 No force the mighty pow'r withstands
 Of God the universal king.
- 3 He shall opposing nations quell
 And with success our battles fight;
 Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
 The pride of Jacob, his delight.

- 5 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
 With shouts of joy, and trumpets sound;
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the cheerful song rebound.
- 7 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
 For him, who all the world commands;
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,
 And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

PSALM 48.

VER. 1, 9, 10, 14.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the only God is great,
 and greatly to be prais'd
 In Sion, on whose happy mount,
 His sacred throne is rais'd.
- 9 Not in our fortresses and walls
 Did we, O God, confide;
 But on the temple fix'd our hopes,
 In which thou dost reside.
- 10 According to thy sov'reign name,
 Thy praise through earth extends;
 Thy pow'rful arm, as justice guides,
 Chastises or defends.
- 14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
 Whilst we in him confide;
 Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
 Till death will be our guide.

PSALM 49.

PART FIRST—VER. 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14.

- 6 **T**HOSE men, that all their hope and trust
 In heaps of treasure place,
 And boast in triumph, when they see
 Their ill-got wealth increase;

- 7 Are yet unable from the grave
 Their dearest friend to free;
 Nor can, by force of bribes, reverse
 Th' Almighty Lord's decree.
- 11 For though they think their stately seats
 Shall ne'er to ruin fall,
 But their remembrance last in lands,
 Which by their names they call;
- 12 Yet shall their fame be soon forgot,
 How great soe'er their state;
 With beasts their memory, and they,
 Shall share one common fate.
- 13 How great their folly is, who thus
 Absurd conclusions make!
 And yet their children, unreclaim'd,
 Repeat the gross mistake.
- 14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led,
 The prey of death are made;
 Their beauty, whilst the just rejoice,
 Within the grave shall fade.

PART SECOND—VER. 6, 14, 10, 15.

- 6 **T**HOSE men, that all their hope and trust
 In heaps of treasure place,
 And boast in triumph, when they see
 Their ill-got wealth increase;
- 14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led,
 The prey of death are made;
 Their beauty, while the just rejoice,
 Within the grave shall fade.

10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt,
 Nor fools their folly save;
 But both must perish, and in death,
 Their wealth to others leave.

15 But God will yet redeem my soul;
 And from the greedy grave
 His greater pow'r shall set me free,
 And to himself receive.

PART THIRD—VER. 15, 16, 17, 19, 20.

15 **M**Y God will yet redeem my soul;
 And from the greedy grave
 His greater pow'r shall set me free,
 And to himself receive.

16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men
 In envy'd wealth abound:
 Nor though their prosp'rous house increase,
 With state and honour crown'd.

17 For when they're summon'd hence by death,
 They leave all this behind;
 No shadow of their former pomp
 Within the grave they find.

19 In their forefathers' steps they tread;
 And when, like them, they die,
 Their wretched ancestors and they
 In endless darkness lie.

20 For man, how great soe'er his state,
 Unless he's truly wise,
 As like a sensual beast he lives,
 So like a beast he dies.

PSALM 50.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 5.

1 **T**HE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
 Hath sent his summons all abroad,
 From dawning light till day declines;
 The list'ning earth his voice hath heard,
 And he from Sion hath appear'd,
 Where beauty in perfection shines.

3 Our God shall come, and keep no more
 Misconstru'd silence, as before;
 But wasting flames before him send;
 Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
 Whilst he does heav'n and earth engage
 His just tribunal to attend.

5 Assemble all my saints to me,
 (Thus runs the great divine decree)
 That in my lasting cov'nant live;
 And off'rings bring with constant care,
 The heav'ns his justice shall declare,
 For God himself shall sentence give.

PART SECOND—VER. 7, 9, 13.

7 **A**TTEND my people; Israel, hear;
 Thy strong accuser I'll appear;
 Thy God, thy only God, am I:
 'Tis not of off'rings I complain,
 Which, daily in my temple slain,
 My sacred altar did supply.

9 Will this alone atonement make?
 No bullock from thy stall I'll take,
 No he-goat from thy fold accept:
 The forest beasts, that range along,
 The cattle too, are all my own,
 That on a thousand hills are kept.

- 13 Think'st thou that I have any need
 On slaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,
 To eat their flesh and drink their blood?
 The sacrifices I require,
 Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
 And vows with strictest care made good.

PART THIRD—VER. 15, 21, 22.

- 15 **I**N time of trouble call on me,
 And I will set thee safe and free;
 And thou returns of praise shalt make;
 But to the wicked thus saith God,
 How dar'st thou teach my laws abroad,
 Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?
- 21 These things didst thou, whom still I strove
 To gain with silence, and with love,
 Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
 That I was such a one as thou:
 But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
 And set thy sins before thine eyes.
- 22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I
 Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
 Whilst none shall dare your cause to own:
 Who praises me, due honour gives;
 And to the man who justly lives
 My strong salvation shall be shown.

PSALM 51.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As thou wert ever kind,
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.

- 2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.
- 7 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be;
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purify'd by thee.
- 8 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.
- 9 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

PART SECOND—VER. 1, 5, 6, 11

- 1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
- 5 In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The heir of sin and shame.
- 6 Yet thou, whose searching eye
Does inward truth require,
In secret didst with wisdom's laws
My tender soul inspire.
- 11 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

PART THIRD—VER. 1, 11, 12, 13, 14.

- 1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind,
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
- 11 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy spirit take
Its everlasting flight.
- 12 The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.
- 13 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.
- 14 My guilt of blood remove,
My Saviour, and my God;
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
Thy righteous acts abroad.

PART FOURTH—VER. 16, 17, 18, 19.

- 16 **C**OULD sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.
- 17 A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.

- 18 Let Sion favour find,
 Of thy good will assur'd;
 And thy own city flourish long,
 By lofty walls secur'd.
- 19 The just shall then attend,
 And pleasing tribute pay;
 And sacrifice of choicest kind
 Upon thy altar lay.

PSALM 53.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 6.

- 1 **T**HE wicked fools must sure suppose
 That God is but a name;
 This gross mistake their practice shows,
 Since virtue all disclaim.
- 2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high tow'r,
 The sons of men to view;
 To see if any own'd his pow'r,
 Or truth or justice knew.
- 3 But all he saw, were backward gone
 Degen'rate grown and base;
 None for religion car'd, not one
 Of all the sinful race.
- 6 Would he his saving pow'r employ
 To break our servile band,
 Loud shouts of universal joy
 Should echo through the land.

PSALM 55.

VER. 1, 4, 6, 7, 16.

- 1 **G**IVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
 And listen when I pray;
 Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
 Thy glorious face away.
- 4 My heart is rack'd with pain; my soul
 With deadly frights distress'd;
 With fear and trembling compass'd round,
 With horror quite oppress'd.
- 6 How often wish'd I then, that I
 The dove's swift wings could get;
 That I might take my speedy flight,
 And seek a safe retreat.
- 7 Then would I wander far from hence,
 And in wild deserts stray,
 Till all this furious storm were spent,
 This tempest pass'd away.
- 16 But I will call on God, who still
 Shall in my aid appear;
 At morn, and noon, and night, I'll pray;
 And he my voice shall hear.

PSALM 56.

VER. 10, 13, 14.

- 10 **I**'LL trust God's word, and so despise
 The force that man can raise;
 To thee, O God, my vows are due;
 To thee I'll render praise.
- 13 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death,
 And thou wilt still secure
 The life thou hast so oft preserv'd,
 And make my footsteps sure:

- 14 That thus protected by thy power,
 I may this light enjoy;
 And in the service of my God
 My lengthen'd days employ.

PSALM 57.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 5.

- 1 **T**HY mercy, Lord, to me extend;
 On thy protection I depend;
 And to thy wing for shelter haste,
 'Till this outrageous storm is pass'd.
- 2 'To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
 Thou sov'reign Judge, and God most high,
 Who wonders hast for me begun,
 And wilt not leave thy work undone.
- 3 From heaven protect me by thine arm,
 And shame all those that seek my harm;
 To my relief thy mercy send;
 And truth, on which my hopes depend.
- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd,
 Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PART SECOND—VER. 7, 8, 9, 11.

- 7 **O** GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
 Its thankful tribute to present;
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise:
- 8 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
 No longer let your strings be mute;
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake,

- 9 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the list'ning nations round;
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends;
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 11 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd,
 Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM 60.

VER. 2, 3, 5, 11.

- 2 **O**UR strength, that firm as earth did stand,
 Is rent by thy avenging hand;
 O! heal the breaches thou hast made;
 We shake, we fall, without thy aid!
- 3 Our folly's sad effects we feel;
 For, drunk with discord's cup we reel:
 But now, for them who thee rever'd,
 Thou hast thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
- 5 Let thy right hand thy saints protect;
 Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct:
 The holy God has spoke; and I,
 O'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely:
- 11 Do thou our fainting cause sustain;
 For human succours are but vain.
 Fresh strength and courage God bestows:
 'Tis he treads down our proudest foes.

PSALM 62.

VER. 7, 8, 10, 11, 12.

- 7 **G**OD does his saving health dispense,
 And flowing blessings daily send:
 He is my fortress and defence;
 On him my soul shall still depend.

- 8 In him, ye people, always trust;
 Before his throne pour out your hearts;
 For God, the merciful and just,
 His timely aid to us imparts.
- 10 Then trust not in oppressive ways;
 By spoil and rapine grow not vain;
 Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase,
 Be set too much upon your gain.
- 11 For God has oft his will express'd,
 And I this truth have fully known;
 To be of boundless power possess'd
 Belongs, of right, to God alone.
- 12 Though mercy is his darling grace,
 In which he chiefly takes delight;
 Yet will he all the human race
 According to their works requite.

PSALM 63.

VER. 1, 2, 4, 6.

- 1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee
 My morning prayers shall offer'd be;
 For thee my thirsty soul does pant:
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 O! to my longing eyes once more,
 That view of glorious pow'r restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays:
 Because to me thy wond'rous love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.

- 4 My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ;
 With lifted hands adore his name:
 My soul's content shall be as great
 As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.
- 6 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;
 And when I wake in dead of night:
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM 65.

PART FIRST—VER, 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **F**OR thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
 Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r
 Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
 To thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
 To stop thy flowing mercy try;
 Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And washeth out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man who, near thee plac'd,
 Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
 Whilst we at humble distance taste
 The vast delight thy temple gives.

PART SECOND—VER. 9, 11, 12, 13.

- 9 **F**ROM out thy unexhausted store
 Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground;
 Makes lands, that barren were before,
 With corn and useful fruits abound.
- 11 Thy goodness does the circling year
 With fresh returns of plenty crown;
 And where thy glorious paths appear,
 The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
- 12 They drop on barren forests, chang'd
 By them to pastures fresh and green;
 The hills about, in order rang'd,
 In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
- 13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
 The cheerful down; the vallies bring
 A plenteous crop of full-eared corn,
 And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

PSALM 66.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7.

- 1 **L**ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
 To God their voices raise;
 Sing psalms in honour of his name,
 And spread his glorious praise.
- 3 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
 In all thy works, art thou!
 To thy great power thy stubborn foes
 Shall all be forc'd to bow.
- 4 Through all the earth the nations round
 Shall thee their God confess;
 And with glad hymns, their awful dread
 Of thy great name express.

- 5 O come! behold the works of God;
 And then with me you'll own,
 That he to all the sons of men
 Has wond'rous judgment shown.
- 7 He, by his power, for ever rules;
 His eyes the world survey:
 Let no presumptuous man rebel
 Against his sov'reign sway.

PART SECOND—VER. 16, 17, 19, 20.

- 16 **O**! COME all ye that fear the Lord,
 Attend with heedful care,
 Whilst I what God for me has done
 With grateful joy declare.
- 17 As I before his aid implor'd,
 So now I praise his name;
 Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,
 Would all my pray'rs disclaim.
- 19 But God to me, when'er I cry'd,
 His gracious ear did bend,
 And to the voice of my request
 With constant love attend.
- 20 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
 Who never, when I pray,
 Withholds his mercy from my soul,
 Nor turns his face away.

PSALM 67.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 7.

- 1 **T**O bless thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine.

- 2 That so thy wond'rous way
 May through the world be known;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring nations join
 To celebrate thy fame;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth;
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.
- 6 Then shall the teeming ground
 A large increase disclose;
 And we with plenty shall be crown'd
 Which God, our God, bestows.
- 7 Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings show'r;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of his resistless pow'r.

PSALM 68.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 4, 5, 19.

- 1 **L**ET God, the God of battle, rise,
 And scatter his presumptuous foes;
 Let shameful rout their host surprise,
 Who spitefully his pow'r oppose.
- 3 But let the servants of his will
 His favour's gentle beams enjoy;
 Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
 And cheerful songs their tongues employ.

- 4 To him your voice in anthems raise;
 Jehovah's awful name he bears:
 In him rejoice, extol his praise,
 Who rides upon high rolling spheres.
- 5 Him, from his empire of the skies,
 To this low world compassion draws,
 The orphan's claim to patronize,
 And judge the injured widow's cause.
- 19 For benefits each day bestow'd,
 Be daily his great name ador'd,
 Who is our Saviour, and our God,
 Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

PART SECOND—VER. 18, 19.

- 18 **A**SCENDING high, in triumph thou
 Captivity hast captive led;
 And on thy people didst bestow
 The spoil of armies once their dread.
 E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
 And humble proselytes repair
 To worship at thy dwelling place,
 And all the world pay homage there.
- 19 For benefits each day bestow'd,
 Be daily his great name ador'd,
 Who is our Saviour, and our God,
 Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

PART THIRD—VER. 29, 31, 33, 34, 35.

- 29 **T**O visit Salem, Lord, descend,
 And Sion, thy terrestrial throne;
 Where kings with presents shall attend,
 And thee with offer'd crowns atone.
- 31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth
 Her hands, and Afric homage bring;
 The scatter'd kingdoms of the earth
 Their common sov'reign's praises sing;

- 33 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere
Of ancient heaven, sublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
Like that of warring winds and tides.
- 34 Ascribe the power to God most high:
Of humble Israel he takes care;
Whose strength, from out the dusky sky,
Darts shining terrors through the air.
- 35 How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly throne!
His strength his feeble saints supports,
To give God praise, and him alone.

PSALM 69.

PART FIRST—VER. 16, 15, 14, 18, 30.

- 16 **L**ORD, hear the humble prayer I make
For thy transcending goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.
- 15 Control the deluge, ere it spread,
And roll its waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's open pit
To close her jaws on me permit.
- 14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve;
From spiteful foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.
- 18 Thy timely succour interpose,
And shield me from remorseless foes.
- 30 Thy power with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy name.

PART SECOND—VER. 19, 20, 21, 22, 26.

- 19 **T**HOU know'st what infamy and scorn
 I from my enemies have borne;
 Nor can their close dissembled spite,
 Or darkest plots, escape thy sight.
- 20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
 I look'd for some to take my part,
 To pity or relieve my pain,
 But look'd, alas! for both in vain.
- 21 With hunger pain'd, for food I call;
 Instead of food, they give me gall.
 And when with thirst my spirits sink,
 They give me vinegar to drink.
- 22 Their tables, therefore, to their health
 Shall prove a snare, a trap their wealth;
 Perpetual darkness seize their eyes,
 And sudden blasts their hopes surprise.
- 26 For new afflictions they procur'd
 For him who had thy stripes endur'd;
 And made the wound, thy scourge had torn,
 To bleed afresh, with sharper scorn.

PSALM 70.

VER. 1, 2, 4, 5.

- 1 **O** LORD, to my relief draw near;
 For never was more pressing need;
 For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
 And add to that deliv'rance speed.
- 2 Confusion on their heads return
 Who to destroy my soul combine;
 Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
 Ensnar'd in their own vile design.

- 4 While those who humbly seek thy face,
 To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
 And all who prize thy saving grace,
 With me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
- 5 Thus wretched, though I am and poor,
 The mighty Lord of me takes care:
 Thou, God, who only can'st restore,
 To my relief with speed repair.

PSALM 71.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 7, 16.

- 1 **I**N thee I put my steadfast trust;
 Defend me, Lord, from shame;
 Incline thine ear, and save my soul:
 For righteous is thy name.
- 3 Be thou my strong abiding place,
 To which I may resort;
 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;
 Thou art my rock and fort.
- 7 While some on me with wonder gaze,
 Thy hand supports me still;
 Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise,
 My mouth shall always fill.
- 16 While God vouchsafes me his support,
 I'll in his strength go on;
 All other righteousness disclaim,
 And mention his alone.

PART SECOND—VER. 17, 18, 15, 16.

- 17 **T**HOU, Lord, hast taught me from my youth
 To praise thy glorious name;
 And, ever since, thy wond'rous works
 Have been my constant theme.

- 18 Then now forsake me not, when I
 Am gray and feeble grown;
 Till I to these and future times
 Thy strength and power have shewn.
- 15 Thy righteous acts, and saving health,
 My mouth shall still declare;
 Unable yet to count them all,
 Though summ'd with utmost care.
- 16 While God vouchsafes me his support,
 I'll in his strength go on;
 All other righteousness disclaim,
 And mention his alone.

PART THIRD—VER. 19, 20, 22, 23.

- 19 **H**OW high thy justice soars, O God!
 How great and wond'rous are
 The mighty works which thou hast done!
 Who may with thee compare!
- 20 Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd,
 Thy grace shall yet relieve;
 And from the lowest depth of woe,
 With tender care retrieve.
- 22 Then I with psaltery and harp,
 Thy truth, O Lord, will praise;
 To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
 My voice in anthems raise.
- 23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
 Employ my cheerful voice;
 My grateful soul by thee redeem'd,
 Shall in thy strength rejoice.

PSALM 72.

PART FIRST—VER. 6, 8, 9, 11, 18, 19.

- 6 **H**E shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth:
Or like warm show'rs, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.
- 8 His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' streams,
At nature's limits end.
- 9 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust
Where he his conquests spreads.
- 11 To him shall ev'ry king on earth
His humble homage pay;
And diff'ring nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.
- 18 'Then bless'd be God, the Mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears;
Who only, wond'rous in his works,
Beyond compare appears.
- 19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd;
For ever bless his name;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim.

PSALM 73.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 4, 16, 18.

- 1 **A**T length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his saints be kind;
That all whose heart are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting favour find.

- 2 Till this sustaining truth I knew;
 My stagg'ring feet had almost fail'd;
 I griev'd the sinners' wealth to view,
 And envy'd when the fools prevail'd.
- 4 They to the grave in peace descend,
 And, whilst they live, are hale and strong;
 No plagues or troubles them offend,
 Which oft to other men belong.
- 16 To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
 But found the case too hard for me;
 Till to the house of God I went;
 Then I their end did plainly see.
- 18 How high soe'er advanced, they all
 On slipp'ry places loosely stand;
 Thence into ruin headlong fall,
 Cast down by thy avenging hand.

PART SECOND—VER. 12, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23.

- 12 **B**EHOLD the wicked! these are they,
 Who openly their sins profess;
 And yet their wealth's increas'd each day,
 And all their actions meet success.
- 16 To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
 But found the case too hard for me;
 Till to the house of God I went;
 Then I their end did plainly see.
- 18 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all
 On slipp'ry places loosely stand;
 Thence into ruin headlong fall,
 Cast down by thy avenging hand.
- 19 How dreadful and how quick their fate!
 Despis'd by thee, when they're destroy'd;
 As waking men with scorn do treat
 The fancies that their dreams employ'd.

- 21 Thus was my heart with grief opprest,
 My reins were rack'd with endless pains;
 So stupid was I, like a beast,
 Who no reflecting thought retains.
- 23 Yet still thy presence me supply'd,
 And thy right hand assistance gave;
 Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
 And then to glory me receive.

PART THIRD—VER. 1, 25, 26, 27, 28.

- 1 **A**T length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
 That God will to his saints be kind:
 That all whose hearts are pure and clean,
 Shall his protecting favour find.
- 25 Whom then in heaven, but thee alone,
 Have I, whose favour I require?
 Throughout the spacious earth there's none
 That I besides thee can desire.
- 26 My trembling flesh, and aching heart,
 May often fail to succour me;
 But God shall inward strength impart,
 And my eternal portion be.
- 27 For they that far from thee remove,
 Shall into sudden ruin fall;
 If after other gods they rove,
 Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.
- 28 But as for me, 'tis good and just,
 That I should still to God repair;
 In him I always put my trust,
 And will his wond'rous works declare.

PSALM 76.

VER. 1, 8, 11.

- 1 **I**N Judah the Almighty's known,
 Almighty there by wonders shewn:
 His name in Jacob does excel:
 His sanctu'ry in Salem stands;
 The majesty that heav'n commands,
 In Sion condescends to dwell.
- 8 Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard its doom;
 Grew hush'd with fear, when thou didst come
 The meek with justice to restore:
 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise;
 Its last attempts but serve to raise
 The triumphs of Almighty pow'r.
- 11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations, bring
 Vow'd presents to th' eternal King;
 Thus to his name due rev'rence pay,
 Who proudest potentates can quell,
 To earthly kings more terrible,
 Than to their trembling subjects they.

PSALM 77.

VER. 7, 9, 11, 13, 14.

- 7 **H**AS God for ever cast us off?
 Withdrawn his favours quite?
 Has both his mercy and his truth
 Retir'd to endless night?
- 9 Can his long practis'd love forget
 Its wonted aids to bring?
 Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
 His mercy's healing spring?

- 11 I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
On them my heart shall meditate,
My tongue shall them recite.
- 13 Safe lodg'd from human search on high,
O God, thy counsels are!
Who is so great a God as ours?
Who can with him compare?
- 14 Long since a God of wonders thee
Thy rescu'd people found;
Long since hast thou thy chosen seed
With strong deliv'rance crown'd.

PSALM 78.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 **H**EAR, O my people, to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.
- 2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood,
And own'd for truths of old:
- 3 Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us has handed down.
- 4 We will not hide them from our sons:
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.

- 5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd,
 This league with Israel made;
 With charge to be from age to age,
 From race to race convey'd.
- 6 That generations yet to come
 Should to their unborn heirs
 Religiously transmit the same,
 And they again to theirs.

PART SECOND—VER. 21, 22, 24, 32, 56, 38.

- 21 **T**HE Lord with indignation heard;
 From heaven avenging flame
 On Jacob fell, consuming wrath
 On thankless Israel came:
- 22 Because their unbelieving hearts
 In God would not confide,
 Nor trust his care, who had from heaven
 Their wants so oft supply'd;
- 24 Though tasteful manna was rain'd down,
 Their hunger to relieve;
 Though from the stores of heaven they did
 Sustaining corn receive.
- 32 Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford
 His miracles belief;
 Therefore through fruitless travels he
 Consum'd their lives in grief.
- 56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd
 The wrath of God most high;
 Nor would to practise his commands
 Their stubborn hearts apply;
- 38 Yet, full of mercy, he forgave,
 Nor did with death chastise;
 But turn'd his kindled wrath aside,
 Or would not let it rise.

PSALM 79.

VER. 5, 8, 9, 11, 13.

- 5 **H**OW long wilt thou be angry, Lord?
 Must we for ever mourn?
 Shall thy devouring jealous rage,
 Like fire, for ever burn?
- 8 O think not on our former sins,
 But speedily prevent
 The utter ruin of thy saints,
 Almost with sorrow spent.
- 9 Thou God of our salvation, help,
 And free our souls from blame;
 So shall our pardon and defence
 Exalt thy glorious name.
- 11 Lord, hear the sighing pris'ner's moans.
 Thy saving pow'r extend;
 Preserve the wretches doom'd to die,
 From that untimely end.
- 13 So we, thy people and thy flock,
 Shall ever praise thy name;
 And with glad hearts our grateful thanks,
 From age to age proclaim.

PSALM 80.

VER. 14, 15, 17, 18, 19.

- 14 **T**O thee, O God of hosts, we pray;
 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
 From heav'n, thy throne, this vine survey,
 And her sad state with pity view.

- 15 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
- 17 Crown thou the king with good success,
By thy right hand secur'd from wrong;
The Son of Man in mercy bless,
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
- 18 So shall we still continue free
From whatsoever deserves thy blame;
And, if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praise thy holy name.
- 19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM 81.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **T**O God, our never failing strength
With loud applauses sing;
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful king.
- 2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps
Your grateful skill employ.
- 3 Let trumpets at the great new moon
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

- 4 For this a statue was of old
Which Jacob's God decreed;
To be with pious care observ'd
By Israel's chosen seed:

PART SECOND—VER. 13, 14, 15.

- 13 **O** THAT my people wisely would
My just commandments heed!
And Israel in my righteous ways
With pious care proceed!
- 14 Then should my heavy judgments fall
On all that them oppose,
And my avenging hand be turn'd
Against their numerous foes.
- 15 Their enemies and mine should all
Before my footstool bend;
But as for them their happy state
Should never know an end.

PSALM 84.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 10, 11, 12.

- 1 **O** GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face!
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.
- 10 For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I
 The meanest office take,
 Than in the wealthy tents of sin
 My pompous dwelling make.

11 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
 Will grace and glory give;
 And no good thing will he withhold
 From them that justly live.

12 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
 How highly blest is he,
 Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
 Is still reposed on thee!

PART SECOND—VER. 4, 5, 6, 7.

4 **O** LORD of hosts, my King and God,
 How highly blest are they,
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
 Their sure protection made;
 Who long to tread the sacred ways
 That to thy dwelling lead!

6 Who pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
 Yet no refreshment want;
 Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
 At their request dost grant.

7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
 And still approach more near;
 Till all on Sion's holy mount,
 Before their God appear.

PSALM 85.

PART FIRST—VER. 4, 5, 7, 8.

4 **O** GOD our Saviour, all our hearts
 To thy obedience turn;
 That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
 Thy wrath no more may burn.

5 For why should'st thou be angry still,
 And wrath so long retain?
 Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
 Thy wonted comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
 Which we have long implor'd;
 And, for thy wond'rous mercy's sake,
 Thy wonted aid afford.

8 God's answer patiently I'll wait;
 For he, with glad success,
 If they no more to folly turn,
 His mourning saints will bless.

PART SECOND—VER. 9, 10, 11, 13.

9 **T**O all that fear God's holy name
 His sure salvation's near;
 And in its former happy state
 Our nation shall appear.

10 For mercy now with truth is join'd,
 And righteousness with peace,
 Like kind companions, absent long,
 With friendly arms embrace.

11 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heav'n
 Shall streams of justice pour;
 And God, from whom all goodness flows,
 Shall endless plenty show'r.

- 13 Before him righteousness shall march,
 And his just paths prepare;
 Whilst we his holy steps pursue
 With constant zeal and care.

PSALM 86.

PART FIRST—VER. 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 10.

- 2 **D**O thou, O God, preserve my soul,
 That does thy name adore;
 Thy servant keep, in him, whose trust
 Relies on thee, restore.
- 3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
 Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
 On thee alone depend.
- 5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
 But prompt to pardon too;
 Of plenteous mercy to all those
 Who for thy mercy sue.
- 6 To my repeated humble pray'r,
 O Lord, attentive be;
 When troubled, I on thee will call,
 For thou wilt answer me.
- 9 Therefore their great Creator thee
 The nations shall adore;
 Their long-misguided pray'rs and praise
 To thy bless'd name restore.
- 10 All shall confess thee great, and great
 The wonders thou hast done;
 Confess thee God, the God supreme,
 Confess thee God alone.

PART SECOND—VER. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

- 11 **T**EACH me thy way, O Lord, and I
 From truth shall ne'er depart;
 In rev'ence to thy sacred name
 Devoutly fix my heart.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
 Praise thee with heart sincere;
 And to thy everlasting name
 Eternal trophies rear.
- 13 Thy boundless mercy shewn to me
 'Transcends my pow'r to tell;
 For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
 From lowest depths of hell.
- 14 O God, the sons of pride and strife
 Have my destruction sought;
 Regardless of thy pow'r, that oft
 Has my deliv'rance wrought.
- 15 But thou thy constant goodness didst
 To my assistance bring;
 Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
 Thou everlasting spring!

PSALM 87.

- 1 **G**OD'S temple crowns the holy mount;
 The Lord there condescends to dwell;
 His Sion's gates, in his account,
 Our Israel's fairest tents excel.
 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
 O city of th' Almighty king!
- 4 I'll mention Rahab with due praise,
 In Babylon's applauses join,
 The fame of Ethiopia raise,

With that of Tyre and Palestine;
 And grant that some among them born,
 Their age and country did adorn.

- 5 But still of Sion I'll aver,
 That many such from her proceed;
 Th' Almighty shall establish her;
 His gen'ral list shall shew, when read,
 That such a person there was born,
 And such did such an age adorn.
- 7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
 Of such as merit high renown;
 For hand and voice musicians skill'd;
 And (her transcending fame to crown)
 Of such she shall successions bring,
 Like water from a living spring.

PSALM 89.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **T**HY mercies, Lord, shall be my song;
 My song on them shall ever dwell;
 To ages yet unborn my tongue
 Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
- 2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
 Thy mercy shall for ever last;
 Thy truth that does the heav'ns sustain,
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.
- 3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice,
 "With David I a league have made;
 "To him, my servant, and my choice,
 "By solemn oath this grant convey'd:
- 4 "While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
 "Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
 "To them thy throne I will ensure,
 "They shall to endless ages reign."

- 5 For such stupendous truth and love,
 Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
 By choirs of angels sung above,
 And by assembled saints below.

PART SECOND—VER. 6, 7, 15, 16.

- 6 **W**HAT seraph of celestial birth
 To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
 Or who among the gods of earth
 With our Almighty Lord compare?
- 7 With rev'rence and religious dread
 His saints should to his temple press;
 His fear through all their hearts should spread,
 Who his Almighty name confess.
- 15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
 Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
 Who may at festivals appear,
 With thy most glorious presence crown'd.
- 16 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd
 Who on thy sacred name rely;
 And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
 Above their foes be rais'd on high.

PART THIRD—VER. 6, 11, 13, 16, 17.

- 6 **W**HAT seraph of celestial birth
 To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
 Or who among the gods of earth
 With our Almighty Lord compare?
- 11 In thee the sov'reign right remains
 Of earth and heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
 The world, and all that it contains,
 Their Maker and Preserver own.

- 13 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
 Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign,
 Possess'd of absolute command,
 Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
- 16 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
 Who on thy sacred name rely;
 And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
 Above their foes be rais'd on high.
- 17 For in thy strength they shall advance,
 Whose conquests from thy favour spring;
 The Lord of hosts is our defence,
 And Israel's God our Israel's king.

PART FOURTH—VER. 8, 9, 10, 11.

- 8 **L**ORD God of armies, who can boast
 Of strength or pow'r like thine renown'd?
 Of such a numerous faithful host,
 As that which does thy throne surround?
- 9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
 And change the prospect of the deep;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
 Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
- 10 Thou brak'st in pieces Rahab's pride,
 And didst oppressing pow'r disarm;
 Thy scatter'd foes have dearly try'd
 The force of thy resistless arm.
- 11 In thee the sov'reign right remains
 Of earth and heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
 The world, and all that it contains,
 Their Maker and Preserver own.

PART FIFTH—VER. 19, 22, 26, 28.

- 19 **T**HUS spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice,
 "A mighty champion I will send;
 "From Judah's tribe have I made choice
 "Of one, who shall the rest defend.
- 22 "No prince from him shall tribute force,
 "No son of strife shall him annoy;
 "His spiteful foes I will disperse,
 "And them before his face destroy.
- 26 "Me for his father he shall take,
 "His God and rock of safety call:
 "Him I my first born son will make,
 "And earthly kings his subjects all.
- 28 "To him my mercy I'll secure,
 "My cov'nant make for ever fast:
 "His seed for ever shall endure;
 "His throne, till heav'n dissolves, shall last."

PART SIXTH—VER. 19, 30, 32, 34.

- 19 **T**HUS spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice,
 "A mighty champion I will send;
 "From Judah's tribe have I made choice
 "Of one, who shall the rest defend.
- 30 "But if his heirs my law forsake,
 "And from my sacred precepts stray:
 "If they my righteous statutes break,
 "Nor strictly my commands obey;
- 32 "Their sins I'll visit with a rod,
 "And for their folly make them smart:
 "Yet will not cease to be their God,
 "Nor from my truth, like them, depart.

- 34 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 "But in remembrance fast retain;
 "The thing that once my lips have spoke
 "Shall in eternal force remain."

PSALM 90.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 12.

- 1 **O** LORD, the Saviour and defence
 Of us thy chosen race,
 From age to age thou still hast been
 Our sure abiding place.
- 2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
 Or th' earth and world didst frame,
 Thou always wast the mighty God,
 And ever art the same.
- 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
 Of which he first was made;
 And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
 'Tis instantly obey'd.
- 12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
 Of our short days to mind,
 That to true wisdom all our hearts
 May ever be inclin'd.

PART SECOND—VER. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

- 13 **O** 'TO thy servants, Lord, return,
 And speedily relent!
 As we forsake our sins, do thou
 Revoke our punishment.
- 14 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
 Thy early mercy send;
 That we may all our days to come
 In joy and comfort spend.

- 15 Let happy times, with large amends,
 Dry up our former tears,
 Or equal at the least the term
 Of our afflicted years.
- 16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
 Thy wond'rous work be known;
 And to our offspring yet unborn
 Thy glorious pow'r be shewn.
- 17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
 Give thou our work success;
 'The glorious work we have in hand
 Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM 91.

VER. 1, 3, 5.

- 1 **H**E that has God his guardian made,
 Shall, under the Almighty's shade,
 Secure and undisturb'd abide:
 Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
 He is my fortress and my stay,
 My God, in whom I will confide.
- 3 His tender love and watchful care
 Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
 And from the noisome pestilence:
 He over thee his wings shall spread,
 And cover thy unguarded head;
 His truth shall be thy strong defence.
- 5 No terrors that surprise by night
 Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
 Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;
 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
 In darkness, nor infectious ills
 That in the hottest season slay.

PSALM 92.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the Lord most high;
 And with repeated hymns of praise
 His name to magnify!
- 2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn
 His goodness to relate;
 And of his constant truth, each night,
 The glad effects repeat!
- 3 To ten string'd instruments we'll sing,
 With tuneful psalt'ries join'd;
 And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
 For sacred use design'd.
- 4 For through thy wond'rous works, O Lord
 Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
 And shout with cheerful voice.

PART SECOND—VER. 6, 7, 12, 13, 15.

- 6 **H**OW wond'rous are thy works, O Lord!
 How deep are thy decrees?
 Whose winding tracks, in secret laid,
 No stupid sinner sees.
- 7 He little thinks, when wicked men
 Like grass, look fresh and gay,
 How soon their short liv'd splendour must
 For ever pass away.
- 12 But righteous men like fruitful palms,
 Shall make a glorious show;
 As cedars that on Lebanon
 In stately order grow.

- 13 These, planted in the house of God,
 Within his courts shall thrive;
 Their vigour and their lustre both
 Shall in old age revive.
- 15 Thus will the Lord his justice shew;
 And God, my strong defence,
 Shall due rewards to all the world
 Impartially dispense.

PSALM 93.

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
 Which shall no change or period see!
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity!
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.
- 5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM 94.

PART FIRST—VER. 9, 11, 7, 1.

- 9 **C**AN he be deaf who form'd the ear?
 Or blind, who fram'd the eye?
 Shall earth's great Judge not punish those,
 Who his known will defy?

- 11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men;
 To him their hearts lie bare;
 His eye surveys them all, and sees
 How vain their counsels are.
- 7 "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,"
 Profanely thus they speak,
 "Nor any notice of our deeds
 "The God of Jacob take."
- 1 O God, to whom revenge belongs,
 Thy vengeance now disclose;
 Arise, thou Judge of all the earth,
 And crush thy haughty foes.

PART SECOND—VER. 12, 13, 14, 15.

- 12 **B**LESS'D is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
 In kindness dost chastise;
 And by thy sacred rules to walk
 Dost lovingly advise.
- 13 This man shall rest and safety find
 In seasons of distress;
 Whilst God prepares a pit for those,
 That stubbornly transgress.
- 14 For God will never from his saints
 His favour wholly take;
 His own possession and his lot
 He will not quite forsake.
- 15 The world shall then confess thee just
 In all that thou hast done;
 And those that choose thy upright ways,
 Shall in those paths go on.

PSALM 95.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 **O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King:
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
 To thank him for his favours past;
 To him address in joyful songs,
 The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
 Is, with unrivall'd glory, great:
 A King superior far to all,
 Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
 Her secret wealth at his command,
 The strength of hills that reach the skies,
 Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
 By the same sov'reign right, is his;
 'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,
 That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 6 O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there;
 Down on our knees devoutly all
 Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

PSALM 96.

VER. 1, 10, 12.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new made song;
 Let earth in one assembled throng
 Her common patron's praise resound:

Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
 From day to day his praise proclaim,
 Who us has with salvation crown'd;
 To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
 His wonders to the universe.

- 10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
 Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
 And banish'd justice will restore.
 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess;
 And heav'nly mirth let earth express;
 Its loud applause the ocean roar;
 Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
 And for this triumph find a voice.
- 12 For joy let fertile vallies sing,
 The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,
 The Lord's approach to celebrate;
 Who now sets out with awful state,
 His circuit through the earth to take:
 From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
 With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM 97.

VER. 1, 2, 10, 11, 12.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
 In his just government rejoice;
 Let all the isles with sacred mirth,
 In his applause unite their voice.
- 2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
 His dazzling glory shroud in state;
 Justice and truth his guards are made,
 And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

- 10 Ye who to serve this Lord aspire;
 Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
 He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
 And them from wicked hands redeem.
- 11 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
 A future harvest for the just;
 And gladness for the heart that's right,
 To recompense its pious trust.
- 12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
 Memorials of his holiness
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM 98.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new made song,
 Who wond'rous things has done;
 With his right hand and holy arm
 The conquest he has won.
- 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear
 In all the heathens' sight.
- 3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
 Have ever mindful been;
 Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
 Of Israel's God have seen.
- 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their cheerful voices raise;
 And all, with universal joy,
 Resound their Maker's praise.

PART SECOND—VER. 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9.

- 2 **T**HE Lord has through th' astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear
 In all the heathens' sight.
- 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their cheerful voices raise;
 And all, with universal joy,
 Resound their Maker's praise.
- 5 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
 Into the concert bring
 The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
 Before th' Almighty king.
- 7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
 With all the seas contain;
 The earth, and her inhabitants,
 Join concert with the main.
- 8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
 To spreading torrents they;
 And echoing vales from hill to hill
 Redoubled shouts convey;
- 9 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
 Who does with justice come,
 And with impartial equity,
 Both to reward and doom.

PSALM 99.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
 The guilty nations quake:
 On cherubs' wings he sits enthron'd;
 Let earth's foundations shake.

- 2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her tow'rs;
Yet thence his sov'reignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
- 3 Let therefore all with praise address
His great and dreadful name;
And, with his unresisted might,
His holness proclaim.
- 4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
Of strength and pow'r take place:
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispens'd to Jacob's race.
- 5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God;
Before his footstool fall;
And, with his unresisted might,
His holiness extol.

PSALM 100.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:
- 3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 4 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

- 5 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM 102.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 11, 12, 13.

- 1 **W**HEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
 Do thou, O Lord, attend;
 To thy eternal throne of grace
 Let my sad cry ascend.
- 2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
 In times of deep distress;
 Incline thine ear, and when I call,
 My sorrows soon redress.
- 11 My days, just hast'ning to their end,
 Are like an ev'ning shade:
 My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
 With waning lustre fade.
- 12 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
 No length of time shall waste;
 The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works
 From age to age shall last.
- 13 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view
 With an unclouded face;
 For now her time is come, thy own
 Appointed day of grace.

PART SECOND—VER. 15, 17, 19, 20, 21.

- 15 **T**HE name and glory of the Lord
 All heathen kings shall fear;
 When he shall Sion build again,
 And in full state appear.

- 17 When he regards the poor's request,
Nor slights their earnest pray'r;
Our sons, for their recorded grace,
Shall his just praise declare.
- 19 For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams display'd:
The Lord, from heav'n, his lofty throne,
Hath all the earth survey'd.
- 20 He listen'd to the captives' moans,
He heard their mournful cry,
And freed by his resistless pow'r,
The wretches doom'd to die.
- 21 That they in Sion, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his fame;
And through the holy city sing
Loud praises to his name.

PART THIRD—VER. 25, 26, 27, 28.

- 25 **T**HE strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wond'rous skill have made.
- 26 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away:
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.
- 27 Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.
- 28 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

PSALM 103.

PART FIRST—VER. 8, 3, 9, 11, 12.

8 **T**HE Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace;
 His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
 His willing mercy flies apace.

3 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
 And after sickness makes thee sound;
 From danger he thy life retrieves,
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

9 God will not always harshly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part;
 And loves his punishments to guide
 More by his love than our desert.

11 As high as heav'n its arch extends
 Above this little spot of clay,
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small respects that we can pay.

12 As far as 'tis from east to west,
 So far has he our sins remov'd;
 Who, with a father's tender breast,
 Has such as fear'd him always lov'd.

PART SECOND—VER. 9, 11, 12, 14.

9 **G**OD will not always harshly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part;
 And loves his punishments to guide
 More by his love than our desert.

11 As high as heav'n its arch extends
 Above this little spot of clay,
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small respects that we can pay.

- 12 As far as 'tis from east to west,
 So far has he our sins remov'd;
 Who, with a father's tender breast,
 Has such as fear'd him always lov'd.
- 14 For God, who all our frame surveys,
 Considers that we are but clay;
 How fresh so'er we seem, our days
 Like grass or flowers must fade away.

PART THIRD—VER. 1, 19, 21, 22.

- 1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless;
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 19 The Lord, the universal King,
 In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,
 In whose great strength his pow'r is shewn
- 21 Ye that his just commands obey,
 And hear and do his sacred will,
 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
 Who still what he ordains fulfil.
- 22 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless .
 The mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
 With grateful joy thy thanks express,
 And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM 104.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 33.

- 1 **B**LESS God, my soul: thou, Lord, alone
 Possessest empire without bounds;
 With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
 Eternal majesty surrounds.

- 2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
 And glory for a garment take;
 Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
 Thy canopy of state to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
 His palace chambers in the skies;
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms
 The swift wing'd steeds with which he flies.
- 4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
 His ministers heav'n's palace fill,
 To have their sundry tasks assign'd,
 All proud to serve their Sov'reign's will.
- 33 In praising God, while he prolongs
 My breath, I will that breath employ;
 And join devotion to my songs,
 Sincere, as in him is my joy.

PART SECOND—VER. 3, 5, 7, 8, 9.

- 3 **G**OD builds on liquid air, and forms
 His palace chambers in the skies;
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms
 The swift wing'd steeds with which he flies.
- 5 Earth on her centre fix'd, he set,
 Her face with waters overspread;
 Nor proudest mountains dar'd as yet
 To lift above the waves their head.
- 7 But when thy awful face appear'd,
 Th' insulting waves dispers'd; they fled,
 When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
 And by their haste confess'd their dread.
- 8 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,
 And, gushing from the mountain side,
 Through valleys travel to the deep,
 Appointed to receive their tide.

- 9 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
 'The threat'ning surges to repel;
 That they no more o'erpass their mounds,
 Nor to a second deluge swell.

PART THIRD—VER. 24, 29, 30, 31.

- 24 **H**OW various, Lord, thy works are found;
 For which thy wisdom we adore!
 The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
 Till nature's hand can grasp no more.
- 29 'Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
 The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;
 Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
 Forthwith to mother earth return.
- 30 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth
 T' inspire the mass with vital seed;
 Nature's restor'd, and parent earth
 Smiles on her new created breed.
- 31 Thus through successive ages stands
 Firm fix'd thy providential care;
 Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
 Thou dost the waste of time repair.

PART FOURTH—VER. 29, 32, 33, 35.

- 29 **T**HOU for a moment hid'st thy face,
 The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn
 Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
 Forthwith to mother earth return.
- 32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
 Earth's panting breast with terror fills;
 One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke
 In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.

- 33 In praising God, while he prolongs
 My breath, I will that breath employ;
 And join devotion to my songs,
 Sincere, as in him is my joy.
- 35 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
 My soul, praise thou his holy name,
 Till with my song the list'ning world
 Join concert and his praise proclaim.

PSALM 105.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 8.

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord;
 Invoke his sacred name;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns;
 His wond'rous works rehearse;
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his Almighty name,
 Alone to be ador'd;
 And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
 That humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
 Devoutly still implore;
 And, where he's ever present, seek
 His face for evermore.
- 8 His cov'nant he hath kept in mind
 For num'rous ages past,
 Which yet for thousand ages more
 In equal force shall last.

PSALM 106.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 48.

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray:
Who know what's right; not only so,
But always practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford!
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
- 5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.
- 48 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud amens—Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 107.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 9, 8, 22.

- 1 **T**O God your grateful voices raise.
Who does your daily patron prove;
And let your never ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.

- 9 For he from heav'n the sad estate
Of longing souls with pity views;
To hungry souls, that pant for meat,
His goodness daily food renews.
- 8 O then that all the earth with me
Would God, for this his goodness, praise;
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays!
- 22 With off'rings let his altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful thanks express,
And with loud joy his holy name,
For all his acts of wonder, bless.

PART SECOND—VER. 10, 11, 13, 14, 15.

- 10 **S**OME lie, with darkness compass'd round,
In death's uncomfortable shade,
And with unwieldy fetters bound,
By pressing cares more heavy made.
- 11 Because God's counsels they defy'd,
And lightly priz'd his holy word,
With these afflictions they were try'd;
They fell, and none could help afford.
- 13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.
- 14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night,
And shades, as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to cheerful light,
And welcome liberty bestow'd.

- 15 O then that all the earth with me
 Would God, for this his goodness, praise;
 And for the mighty works which he
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

PART THIRD—VER. 23, 25, 28, 29, 31.

- 23 **T**HEY that in ships, with courage bold,
 O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
 Do God's amazing works behold,
 And in the deep his wonders view.

- 25 No sooner his command is past,
 Than forth the dreadful tempest flies,
 Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
 And makes the stormy billows rise.

- 28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
 They do their mournful cry address;
 Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
 And frees them from their deep distress.

- 29 He does the raging storm appease,
 And makes the billows calm and still;
 With joy they see their fury cease,
 And their intended course fulfil.

- 31 O then that all the earth with me
 Would God, for this his goodness, praise,
 And for the mighty works which he
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

PART FOURTH—VER. 33, 35, 37, 31.

- 33 **A** FRUITFUL land, where streams abound,
 God's just revenge, if people sin,
 Will turn to dry and barren ground,
 To punish those that dwell therein.

- 35 The parch'd and desert heath he makes
 'To flow with streams and springing wells,
 Which for his lot the hungry takes,
 And in strong cities safely dwells.
- 37 He sows the field, the vineyard plants,
 Which gratefully his toil repay;
 Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,
 His fruitful seed or stock decay.
- 31 O then that all the earth with me
 Would God, for this his goodness praise,
 And for the mighty works which he
 'Throughout the wond'ring world displays!

PSALM 108.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

- 1 **O** GOD, my heart is fully bent
 To magnify thy name;
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
 Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
 Thy warbling notes delay;
 Whilst I with early hymns of joy
 Prevent the dawning day.
- 3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
 Thy wonders I will tell,
 And to those nations sing thy praise,
 That round about us dwell;
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
 The highest heav'n transcends,
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
 Thy faithful truth extends.

PART SECOND—VER. 5, 6, 12, 13.

- 5 **B**E thou, O God, exalted high
 Above the starry frame;
 And let the world with one consent,
 Confess thy glorious name.
- 6 That all thy chosen people' thee
 Their Saviour may declare;
 Let thy right hand protect me still,
 And answer thou my prayer.
- 12 O! to thy servant in distress,
 Thy speedy succour send;
 For vain it is on human aid
 For safety to depend.
- 13 Then valiant acts shall we perform,
 If thou thy power disclose;
 For God it is, and God alone,
 That treads down all our foes.

PSALM 110.

- 1 **T**HE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
 "Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
 "Sit thou in state, at my right hand:
 "Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
 "And all thy proud opposers see
 "Subjected to thy just command.
- 3 "Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
 "The willing nations shall obey:
 "And, when thy rising beams they view,
 "Shall all, redeem'd from error's night,
 "Appear as numberless and bright
 "As crystal drops of morning dew."

- 4 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
 That, like Melchisedech's, thy reign
 And priesthood shall no period know:
 No proud competitor to sit
 At thy right hand, will he permit,
 But in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.
- 6 The sentenc'd heathen he shall slay,
 And fill with carcasses his way,
 Till he hath struck earth's tyrants dead;
 But in the high way brooks shall first,
 Like a poor pilgrim, slake his thirst,
 And then in triumph raise his head.

PSALM 111.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
 My soul her utmost powers shall raise;
 With private friends, and in the throng
 Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
- 2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,
 His wond'rous works with ease are found
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious search delight.
- 3 His works are all of matchless fame,
 And universal glory claim;
 His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
 Shall to eternal ages last.
- 4 By precepts he hath us enjoind,
 To keep his wond'rous works in mind;
 And to posterity record,
 That good and gracious is our Lord.

- 5 His bounty like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supply'd;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.

PART SECOND—VER. 1, 7, 9, 10.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost powers shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
- 7 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
- 9 He set his saints from bondage free;
And then established his decree,
Forever to remain the same:
Holy and rev'rend is his name.
- 10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin:
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

PSALM 112.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 4, 5, 6, 7.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 4 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

- 5 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet, what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
- 6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
- 7 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that, fix'd on God relies:
On safety's rock he sits and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

PART SECOND—VER. 1, 6, 7.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
- 7 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that, fix'd on God relies:
On safety's rock he sits and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

PSALM 113.

VER. 1, 4, 6.

- 1 **Y**E saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
His sacred name for ever bless:

Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

- 4 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.
- 6 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

PSALM 114.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, by th' Almighty led,
Enrich'd with their oppressors' spoil,
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed
From bondage in a foreign soil.
- 2 Jehovah, for his residence,
Chose out imperial Judah's tent,
His mansion royal, and from thence
Through Israel's camp his orders sent.
- 3 The distant sea with terror saw,
And from the Almighty's presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams, surpris'd with awe,
Retreated to their fountain's head.
- 7 Earth, tremble on; well may'st thou fear
Thy Lord and Maker's face to see:
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'Tis time for earth and seas to flee:

- 8 To flee from God, who nature's law
 Confirms and cancels at his will;
 Who springs from flinty rocks can draw,
 And thirsty vales with water fill.

PSALM 115.

VER. 1, 11, 12, 14, 16, 17.

- 1 **L**ORD, not to us, we claim no share,
 But to thy sacred name
 Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
 And truth's eternal fame.
- 11 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
 On him they fear rely;
 Who them in danger can defend,
 And all their wants supply.
- 12 Of us he oft has mindful been,
 And Israel's house will bless;
 Priests, Levites, Proselytes, ev'n all
 Who his great name confess.
- 14 On you, and on your heirs, he will
 Increase of blessings bring;
 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
 Of this Almighty King!
- 16 Heav'n's highest orb of glory he
 His empire's seat design'd;
 And gave this lower globe of earth
 A portion to mankind.
- 17 They who in death and silence sleep,
 To him no praise afford;
 But we will bless for evermore
 Our ever living Lord.

PSALM 116.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 4, 2, 12.

- 1 **M**Y soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
The voice of my request.
- 3 With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
With pains of hell oppress'd;
When trouble seiz'd my aching heart,
And anguish rack'd my breast;
- 4 On God's Almighty name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd,
"Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul,
"With sorrow quite dismay'd."
- 2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my pray'r.
- 12 Then what returns to him shall I
For all his goodness make!
I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.

PART SECOND—VER. 5, 7, 8, 9.

- 5 **H**OW just and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.
- 7 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wond'rously to thee
His bounteous love exprest.

- 8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
 My dangers and my fears;
 My feet from falling he secur'd,
 And dry'd my eyes from tears.
- 9 Therefore my life's remaining years,
 Which God to me shall lend,
 Will I in praises to his name,
 And in his service, spend.

PSALM -117.

- 1 **W**ITH cheerful notes let all the earth
 To heav'n their voices raise;
 Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.
- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
 His truth shall ne'er decay;
 Then let the willing nations round
 Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM 118.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 5, 6, 8.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
 His mercies ne'er decay:
 That his kind favours ever last,
 Let thankful Israel say.
- 5 To God I made my humble moan,
 With troubles quite opprest,
 And he releas'd me from my straits,
 And granted my request.
- 6 Since, therefore, God does on my side
 So graciously appear;
 Why should the vain attempts of men
 Possess my soul with fear?

- 8 For better 'tis to trust in God
 And have the Lord our friend,
 Than on the greatest human pow'r,
 For safety to depend.

PART SECOND—VER. 15, 16, 17, 20, 19.

- 15 **J**OY fills the dwelling of the just,
 Whom God has sav'd from harm;
 For wond'rous things are brought to pass
 By his Almighty arm.
- 16 He, by his own resistless pow'r,
 Has endless honour won;
 The saving strength of his right hand
 Amazing works has done.
- 17 God will not suffer me to fall,
 But still prolongs my days;
 That, by declaring all his works,
 I may advance his praise.
- 20 Within those gates of God's abode,
 To which the righteous press,
 Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
 Thy holy name I'll bless.
- 19 Then open wide the temple gates,
 To which the just repair,
 That I may enter in and praise
 My great deliv'rer there.

PART THIRD—VER. 22, 24, 26, 28, 29.

- 22 **T**HAT which the builders once refus'd,
 Is now the corner stone;
 'This is the wond'rous work of God,
 The work of God alone.

- 24 This day is God's; let all the land
 Exalt their cheerful voice;
 Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
 And make us still rejoice.
- 26 Him that approaches in God's name,
 Let all th' assembly bless;
 "We that belong to God's own house
 "Have wish'd you good success."
- 28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
 I'll praise thy holy name;
 Because thou only art my God,
 I'll celebrate thy fame.
- 29 O then with me give thanks to God,
 Who still does gracious prove;
 And let the tribute of our praise
 Be endless as his love.

PSALM 119.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 **H**OW bless'd are they, who always keep
 The pure and perfect way!
 Who never, from the sacred paths,
 Of God's commandments stray!
- 2 How bless'd, who, to his righteous laws,
 Have still obedient been!
 And have, with fervent, humble zeal,
 His favour sought to win!
- 3 Such men their utmost caution use
 To shun each wicked deed;
 But, in the path, which he directs,
 With constant care proceed.

4 'Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
 To learn thy sacred will;
 And all our diligence employ
 Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then, that thy most holy will
 Might o'er my ways preside,
 And I, the course of all my life,
 By thy direction guide!

6 Then with assurance should I walk,
 From all confusion free;
 Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
 With thy commands agree.

PART SECOND—VER. 9, 10, 11, 12.

9 **H**OW shall the young preserve their way,
 From all pollution free?
 By making still their course of life,
 With thy commands agree.

10 With hearty zeal, for thee I seek,
 To thee for succour pray;
 O suffer not my careless steps,
 From thy right paths to stray.

11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
 Thy word, my treasure, lies;
 To succour me with timely aid,
 When sinful thoughts arise.

12 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
 Shall ever bless thy name;
 O teach me then, by thy just laws,
 My future life to frame.

PART THIRD—VER. 17, 18, 19, 24.

- 17 **B**E gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My future time may spend.
- 18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern,
The wond'rous works which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.
- 19 Though, like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.
- 24 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care,
To guide my steps aright.

PART FOURTH—VER. 25, 30, 31, 32.

- 25 **M**Y soul, oppress'd with deadly care
Close to the dust does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promis'd aid receive.
- 30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.
- 31 My care has been to make my life,
With thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free.

- 32 So, in the way of thy commands,
 Shall I with pleasure run,
 And with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
 Successfully go on.

PART FIFTH—VER. 33, 34, 35, 37.

- 33 **I**NSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
 Thy righteous paths display;
 And I from them, through all my life,
 Will never go astray.
- 34 If thou true wisdom from above
 Wilt graciously impart,
 To keep thy perfect laws I will
 Devote my zealous heart.
- 35 Direct me in the sacred ways
 To which thy precepts lead;
 Because my chief delight has been
 Thy righteous paths to tread.
- 37 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
 Which this false world displays;
 But give me lively pow'r and strength
 To keep thy righteous ways.

PART SIXTH—VER. 41, 42, 45, 48.

- 41 **T**HY constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
 To cheer my drooping heart;
 To me, according to thy word,
 Thy saving health impart.
- 42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
 This ready answer make;
 "In God I trust, who never will
 "His faithful promise break."

- 45 Ere long I trust to walk at large,
 From all incumbrance free;
 Since I resolve to make my life
 With thy commands agree.
- 48 Then will I, to thy just decrees,
 Lift up my willing hands;
 My care and bus'ness then shall be,
 To study thy commands.

PART SEVENTH—VER. 57, 58, 59, 64.

57 **O** LORD, my God, my portion thou
 And sure possession art;
 Thy words I steadfastly resolve
 To treasure in my heart.

58 With all the strength of warm desire
 I did thy grace implore;
 Disclose, according to thy word,
 Thy mercy's boundless store.

59 With due reflection and strict care
 On all my ways I thught;
 And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
 My wand'ring steps I brought.

64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
 Abundantly is shed;
 O make me then exactly learn
 Thy sacred paths to tread.

PART EIGHTH—VER. 65, 67, 68, 71, 72.

65 **W**ITH me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
 Most graciously, O Lord;
 Repeated benefits bestow'd,
 According to thy word.

- 67 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
 My footsteps went astray;
 But I have since been disciplin'd
 Thy precepts to obey.
- 71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
 Affliction's chast'ning rod,
 That I might duly learn and keep
 The statutes of my God.
- 68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
 And all thou dost is so;
 On me, thy statutes to discern,
 Thy saving skill bestow.
- 72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds,
 Of more esteem I hold
 Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines
 Of silver and of gold.

PART NINTH—VER. 89, 90, 91, 93, 94.

- 89 **F**OR ever and for ever, Lord,
 Unchang'd thou dost remain;
 Thy word, establish'd in the heav'ns,
 Does all their orbs sustain.
- 90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
 Immovable shall stand,
 As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
 By thy Almighty hand
- 91 All things, the course by thee ordain'd
 Ev'n to this day fulfil;
 They are thy faithful subjects all,
 And servants of thy will.
- 93 Thy precepts, therefore, from my thoughts
 Shall never, Lord, depart;
 For thou by them hast to new life
 Restor'd my dying heart.

- 94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
 Protect me, Lord, from harm,
 Who have thy precepts sought to know,
 And carefully perform.

PART TENTH—VER. 103, 104, 105, 111.

- 103 **H**OW sweet are all thy words to me!
 O what divine repast!
 How much more grateful to my soul,
 Than honey to my taste!
- 104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
 With heav'nly skill am blest,
 Through which the treach'rous ways of sin
 I utterly detest.
- 105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
 The way of truth to shew;
 A watch light, to point out the path
 In which I ought to go.
- 111 Thy testimonies I have made
 My heritage and choice;
 For they, when other comforts fail,
 My drooping heart rejoice.

PART ELEVENTH—VER. 114, 115, 116, 117.

- 114 **M**Y hiding place, my refuge tow'r,
 And shield art thou, O Lord;
 I firmly anchor all my hopes
 On thy unerring word.
- 115 Hence, ye that trade in wickedness,
 Approach not my abode:
 For firmly I resolve to keep
 The precepts of my God.

- 116 According to thy gracious word,
 From danger set me free;
 Nor make me of those hopes asham'd,
 That I repose in thee.
- 117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,
 And rescu'd from distress;
 To thy decrees continually
 My just respect address.

PART TWELFTH—VER. 130, 132, 133, 135.

- 130 **T**HE very entrance to thy word
 Celestial light displays;
 And knowledge of true happiness
 To simplest minds conveys.
- 132 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
 Who thy relief implore;
 As thou art wont to visit those
 Who thy blest name adore.
- 133 Directed by thy heav'nly word
 Let all my footsteps be;
 Nor wickedness of any kind
 Dominion have o'er me.
- 135 On me, devoted to thy fear,
 Lord make thy face to shine;
 Thy statutes both to know and keep,
 My heart with zeal incline.

PART THIRTEENTH—VER. 169, 171, 173, 174, 175.

- 169 **T**O my request and earnest cry
 Attend, O gracious Lord;
 Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
 According to thy word.

- 171 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.
- 173 Let thy Almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd
My heart's free choice have made.
- 174 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restor'd;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heav'nly laws, afford.
- 175 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise;
Whose justice from the depths of woe,
My fainting soul shall raise.

PSALM 121.

- 1 **T**O Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.
- 3 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.
- 5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee,
By day or night, molest.

- 7 From common accidents of life,
 His care shall guard thee still;
 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
 That lie in wait to kill.
- 9 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
 Thy God shall thee defend;
 Conduct thee, through life's pilgrimage,
 Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM 122.

VER. 1, 4, 6, 7.

- 1 **O** 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear
 Our tribes devoutly say,
 Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
 And keep your festal day!
- 4 'Tis thither, by divine command,
 The tribes of God repair,
 Before his ark, to celebrate
 His name, with praise and prayer.
- 6 O, pray we then for Salem's peace,
 For they shall prosp'rous be,
 Thou holy city of our God,
 Who bear true love to thee.
- 7 May peace, within thy sacred walls,
 A constant guest be found,
 With plenty and prosperity,
 Thy palaces be crown'd.

PSALM 125.

- 1 **W** HO place in Sion's God their trust,
 Like Sion's rock shall stand;
 Like her immovable be fix'd
 By his Almighty hand.

- 2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side.
Jerusalem inclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.
- 3 The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by despair to seek
Base means for his redress.
- 4 Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.
- 5 All those who walk in crooked paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy,
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM 126.

VER. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 **W**HEN Sion's God her sons recall'd
From long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream
Of what we wish'd to see:
- 2 But soon in unaccustom'd mirth,
We did our voice employ,
And sung our great Restorer's praise
In thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
Of Israel's captive bands;
More welcome than refreshing show'rs
To parch'd and thirsty lands;

- 5 That we whose work commenc'd in tears,
 May see our labour thrive,
 Till finish'd with success, to make
 Our drooping hearts revive.
- 6 Though he desponds that sows his grain,
 Yet doubtless he shall come
 To bind his full ear'd sheaves, and bring
 The joyful harvest home.

PSALM 130.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 7, 8.

- 1 **F**ROM lowest depths of woe
 To God I sent my cry;
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.
- 3 Should'st thou severely judge,
 Who can the trial bear?
 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
 And quite renounce thy fear.
- 7 Let Israel trust in God,
 No bounds his mercy knows;
 The plenteous source and spring, from whence
 Eternal succour flows:
- 8 Whose friendly streams to us
 Supplies in want convey;
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
 And wash our guilt away.

PART SECOND—VER. 5, 6, 7, 8.

- 5 **M**Y soul with patience waits
 For thee, the living Lord;
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never failing word.

- 6 My longing eyes look out
 For thy enliv'ning ray,
 More duly than the morning watch
 To spy the dawning day.
- 7 Let Israel trust in God,
 No bounds his mercy knows;
 The plenteous source and spring, from whence
 Eternal succour flows:
- 8 Whose friendly streams to us
 Supplies in want convey;
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
 And wash our guilt away.

PSALM 132.

PART FIRST—VER. 6, 7, 13, 15.

- 6 **T**H' appointed place, with shouts of joy,
 At Ephrata we found,
 And made the woods and neighb'ring fields
 Our glad applause resound.
- 7 O with due rev'rence let us then
 To his abode repair;
 And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
 Pour out our humble prayer.
- 13 For Sion does, in God's esteem,
 All other seats excel;
 His place of everlasting rest,
 Where he desires to dwell,
- 15 Her store, says he, I will increase,
 Her poor with plenty bless;
 Her saints shall shout with joy, her priests
 My saving health confess.

PART SECOND—VER. 8, 9, 11, 17, 18.

- 8 **A**RISE, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence, blest.
- 9 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy Anointed's voice.
- 11 God swear to David in his truth,
Nor shall his oath be vain,
One of thy offspring, after thee,
Upon thy throne shall reign.
- 17 There David's power shall long remain.
In his successive line,
And my anointed servant there
Shall with fresh lustre shine.
- 18 The faces of his vanquish'd foes
Confusion shall o'erspread;
Whilst, with confirm'd success, his crown
Shall flourish on his head.

PSALM 133.

- 1 **H**OW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!
- 2 True love is like that precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
 On Hermon's top distil;
 Or like the early drops that fall
 On Sion's fruitful hill.
- 4 For Sion is the chosen seat,
 Where the Almighty King
 The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
 And life's eternal spring.

PSALM 135.

VER. 1, 2, 19, 20, 21.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
 And magnify his name;
 Let all the servants of the Lord
 His worthy praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him all ye that in his house
 Attend with constant care;
 With those that to his outmost courts
 With humble zeal repair.
- 19 Their just returns of thanks to God
 Let grateful Israel pay;
 Nor let the priests of Aaron's race
 To bless the Lord delay.
- 20 Their sense of his unbounded love
 Let Levi's house express;
 And let all those who fear the Lord,
 His name for ever bless.
- 21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works
 In Sion's courts proclaim;
 Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
 Exalt his holy name.

PSALM 136.

VER. 1, 6, 7, 25.

- 1 **T**O God the mighty Lord
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.
- 6 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand;
For God, &c.
- 7 Through heav'n he did display
His num'rous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night:
For God, &c.
- 25 He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM 137.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 **W**HEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Sion was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung,
On willow trees, that wither'd there.
- 3 Meanwhile our foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us requir'd,
"Come sing us one of Sion's songs."
- 4 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands!
Shall hymns of joy to God, our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 5 O Salem, our once happy seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!
- 6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliv'rance is my song.

PSALM 138.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart, my God and King,
 Thy praise I will proclaim;
 Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
 And bless thy holy name.
- 2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
 And, with thy love inspir'd,
 The praises of thy truth repeat,
 O'er all thy works admir'd.
- 3 Thou graciously inclin'd'st thine ear
 When I to thee did cry;
 And when my soul was press'd with fear,
 Didst inward strength supply.
- 6 For God, although enthron'd on high,
 Does thence the poor respect;
 The proud far off his scornful eye
 Beholds with just neglect.
- 7 Though I with troubles am oppress'd,
 He shall my foes disarm,
 Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
 And keep me safe from harm.
- 8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
 Shall fix my happy state;
 And, mindful of his favours past,
 Shall his own work complete.

PSALM 139.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 5, 7, 14.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

- 3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.
- 5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
- 7 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?
- 14 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me hast shewn,
My soul with grateful joy must own.

PART SECOND—VER. 8, 9, 11, 12, 23.

- 8 **I**F up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.
- 9 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 11 Or, should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 12 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

- 23 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
 If mischief lurk in any part;
 Correct me where I go astray,
 And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 141.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 5, 8.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,
 O haste to my relief;
 And with accustom'd pity hear
 The accents of my grief.
- 2 Instead of off'rings, let my pray'r
 Like morning incense rise:
 My lifted hands supply the place
 Of ev'ning sacrifice.
- 3 From hasty language curb my tongue,
 And let a constant guard
 Still keep the portal of my lips
 With wary silence barr'd.
- 5 Let upright men reprove my faults,
 And I shall think them kind;
 Like balm that heals a wounded head
 I their reproof shall find.
- 8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct
 My supplicating eyes,
 O leave not destitute my soul,
 Whose trust on thee relies.

PSALM 142.

VER. 1 4, 5, 6, 7.

- 1 **T**O God, with mournful voice,
 In deep distress I pray'd;
 Made him the umpire of my cause,
 My wrongs before him laid.
- 4 I look'd, but found no friend
 To own me in distress;
 All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
 His pity or redress.
- 5 To God at last I pray'd;
 Thou, Lord, my refuge art,
 My portion in the land of life,
 Till life itself depart.
- 6 Reduc'd to greatest straits,
 To thee I make my moan;
 Save me from oppressing foes,
 For me too pow'ful grown.
- 7 That I may praise thy name,
 My soul from prison bring;
 Whilst of thy kind regard to me
 Assembled saints shall sing.

PSALM 143.

VER. 1, 2, 6, 10, 11.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
 Thy wonted audience lend;
 In thy accusom'd faith and truth
 A gracious answer send.

- 2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
 Thy servant to be try'd;
 For in thy sight no living man
 Can e'er be justify'd.
- 6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
 I fervently stretch out;
 My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
 Like land oppress'd with drought.
- 10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
 Instruct me to obey;
 Let thy good spirit lead and keep
 My soul in thy right way.
- 11 O! for the sake of thy great name,
 Revive my drooping heart;
 For thy truth's sake, to me, distress'd,
 Thy promis'd aid impart.

PSALM 144.

VER. 3, 4, 7, 9.

- 3 **L**ORD, what's in man, that thou should'st love
 Of him such tender care to take?
 What in his offspring could thee move
 Such great account of him to make?
- 4 The life of man does quickly fade,
 His thoughts but empty are and vain,
 His days are like a flying shade,
 Of whose short stay no signs remain.
- 7 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage
 Thy boundless pow'r my foes to quell,
 And snatch me from the stormy rage
 Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell.

- 9 So I to thee, O King of kings,
 In new made hymns my voice shall raise,
 And instruments of many strings
 Shall help me thus to sing thy praise.

PSALM 145.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7.

- 1 **T**HREE I will bless, my-God and King,
 Thy endless praise proclaim;
 This tribute daily I will bring,
 And ever bless thy name.
- 3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
 And highly to be prais'd;
 Thy majesty, with boundless height,
 Above our knowledge rais'd.
- 4 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
 To future time extends;
 From age to age thy glorious name
 Successively descends.
- 5 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
 And wond'rous works express,
 'The world with me thy might shall own,
 And thy great pow'r confess.
- 7 The praise that to thy love belongs,
 'They shall with joy proclaim;
 Thy truth of all their grateful songs
 Shall be the constant theme.

PART SECOND—VER. 8, 9, 11, 13.

- 8 **T**HE Lord is good; fresh acts of grace
 His pity still supplies:
 His anger moves with slowest pace,
 His willing mercy flies.

- 9 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
To all thy works express'd;
These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name
Is by thy servants bless'd.
- 11 They, with a glorious prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy kingdom speak;
And thy great power, by all admir'd,
Their lofty subject make.
- 13 Thy steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
Thy boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself out-last.

PART THIRD—VER. 17, 19, 16, 21.

- 17 **H**OW holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays!
- 19 He grants the full desires of those,
Who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.
- 16 Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.
- 21 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame;
And all mankind with one consent,
For ever bless his name.

PSALM 146.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
 For ever bless his name;
 His wond'rous love, while life shall last,
 My constant praise shall claim.
- 3 On kings, the greatest sons of men,
 Let none for aid rely;
 They cannot save in dang'rous times,
 Nor timely help apply.
- 4 Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
 And there neglected lie;
 And all their thoughts and vain designs,
 Together with them die.
- 5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
 For his protector takes;
 Who still with well plac'd hope, the Lord
 His constant refuge makes.

PART SECOND—VER. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

- 6 **T**HE Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
 And all that they contain,
 Will never quit his steadfast truth,
 Nor make his promise vain.
- 7 The poor, opprest, from all their wrongs
 Are eas'd by his decree;
 He gives the hungry needful food,
 And sets the pris'ners free.
- 8 By him the blind receive their sight,
 The weak and fall'n he rears;
 With kind regard and tender love
 He for the righteous cares.

- 9 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.
- 10 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King;
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM 147.

PART FIRST—VER. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame!
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy name.
- 2 His holy city God will build,
Though levell'd with the ground;
Bring back his people, though dispers'd
Through all the nations round.
- 3 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds does close:
He tells the number of the stars,
Their sev'ral names he knows.
- 5 Great is the Lord, and great his power,
His wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.
- 7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

PART SECOND—VER. 1, 8, 9, 11, 12.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
 And celebrate his fame!
 For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
 To praise his holy name.
- 8 He covers heaven with clouds, and thence
 Refreshing rain bestows;
 Through him, on mountain tops, the grass
 With wond'rous plenty grows.
- 9 He savage beasts that loosely range,
 With timely food supplies,
 He feeds the ravens' tender brood,
 And stops their hungry cries.
- 11 But he, to him that fears his name
 His tender love extends;
 To him that on his boundless grace
 With steadfast hope depends.
- 12 Let Sion and Jerusalem
 To God their praise address;
 Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars,
 And does their children bless.

PSALM 148.

VER. 1, 3, 5, 13, 14.

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame:
 Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim,
 And Seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

- 3 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
 His praise declare,
 Ye heavens above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.
- 5 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came:
 And all shall last,
 From changes free;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.
- 13 United zeal be shewn,
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise:
 Earth's utmost ends
 His power obey;
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.
- 14 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh:
 O therefore raise,
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise.

PSALM 149.

VER. 1, 3.

1 **O** PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice;
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing:
 In our great Creator
 Let Israel rejoice;
 And children of Sion
 Be glad in their King.

3 Let them his great name
 Extol in the dance;
 With timbrel and harp
 His praises express;
 Who always takes pleasure
 His saints to advance,
 And with his salvation
 The humble to bless.

PSALM 150.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows:
 Praise him in heaven, where he his face,
 Unveil'd, in perfect glory shews.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts,
 Which he in our behalf has done;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the thrill trumpet's warlike voice
 Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
 Praise him with harp's melodious noise
 And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

- 4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
 And some, with graceful motion, dance;
 Let instruments of various strings,
 With organs join'd, his praise advance,
- 5 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
 To cymbals set their songs of praise;
 Cymbals of common use, and those
 That loudly sound, on solemn days.
- 6 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ:
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was is now,
 And shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

To God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, glory be;
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
 To all eternity.

As Psalm 100.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heav'n adore
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 37.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God, whom heaven's triumphant host.
 And suff'ring saints on earth, adore,
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

As Psalm 148.

To God the Father, Son
 And Spirit ever bless'd.
 Eternal three in one,
 All worship be address'd;
 As heretofore
 It was, is now,
 And shall be so
 For ever more.

As Psalm 149.

By angels in heaven
 Of every degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address'd,
 To God in three persons,
 One God ever bless'd;
 As it has been, now is,
 And always shall be.

HYMNS.

HYMN 1.

The Song of the Angels. For the Nativity of our
Blessed Lord and Saviour.

Luke ii. ver. 8—15.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
"And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find,
"To human view display'd,
"All meanly wrap'd in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace,
"Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
"Begin, and never cease."

HYMN 2.

The Song of men responsive to the Song of the Angels.

- 1 **W**HILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
 Shall men no anthems raise?
 O may we lose these useless tongues,
 When we forget to praise!
- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
 And join the heav'nly throng;
 For angels no such love have known
 As we, to wake their song.
- 3 Good will to sinful dust is shewn,
 And peace on earth is giv'n;
 For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
 With news of joy from heav'n!
- 4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn;
 Let heav'n and earth in concert sing—
 "The promis'd child is born!"
- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
 By highest worlds is paid:
 Be glory then, by us proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd;
- 6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
 Where now our Saviour reigns;
 To rival these celestial choirs
 In their immortal strains!

HYMN 3.

FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

On the Sufferings of our blessed Lord and Saviour.

- 1 **F**ROM whence these direful omens round,
 Which heav'n and earth amaze?
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
 Why hides the sun his rays?

- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
 And nature sympathize!
 The sun as darkest night be black!
 Their Maker, Jesus, dies!
- 3 Behold fast streaming from the tree
 His all atoning blood!
 Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,
 My Saviour and my God!
- 4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
 For me this death is borne;
 My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
 And pointed ev'ry thorn.
- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
 Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
 O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
 Nor bleed, nor die in vain!

HYMN 4.

FOR EASTER-DAY.

On the Resurrection.

- 1 **S**INCE Christ our Passover is slain,
 A sacrifice for all;
 Let all with thankful hearts, agree
 To keep the festival:
- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
 Of sin and malice fed;
 But with unfeign'd sincerity,
 And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ being rais'd by Pow'r Divine,
 And rescu'd from the grave,
 Shall die no more; death shall on him
 No more dominion have.

- 4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
 He once vouchsaf'd to die:
 But that he lives, he lives to God
 For all eternity.
- 5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
 But graciously restor'd,
 And made, henceforth alive to God,
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN 5.

For the same.

- 1 **C**HRI^ST from the dead is rais'd, and made
 The First Fruits of the tomb;
 For, as by man came death, by man
 Did resurrection come:
- 2 For, as in Adam all mankind
 Did guilt and death derive;
 So, by the righteousness of Christ,
 Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If, then, ye risen are with Christ,
 Seek only how to get
 The things which are above, where Christ
 At God's right hand is set.

HYMN 6.

FOR WHIT-SUNDAY.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost! Creator, come!
 Inspire the souls of thine;
 Till ev'ry heart which thou hast made,
 Be fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
 Of God, and fire of love;
 The everlasting spring of joy,
 And unction from above.

- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
 God's law in each true heart;
 The promise of the Father, thou
 Dost heav'nly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
 Thy sacred love embrace;
 Assist our minds, by nature frail,
 With thy celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
 And give us peace within,
 That by thy guidance blest, we may,
 Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,
 And Son from death reviv'd,
 And thee with both, O Holy Ghost,
 Who art from both deriv'd.

HYMN 7.

For the same.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls, how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
 In vain we strive to rise!
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours!

HYMN 8.

For the same.

- 1 **H**E's come! let every knee be bent,
 All hearts new joy resume:
 Sing ye redeem'd, with one consent,
 "The Comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love,
 Could God on man bestow?
 Angels for this rejoice above,
 Let man rejoice below!
- 3 Hail, Blessed Spirit! may each soul
 Thy sacred influence feel;
 Do thou each sinful thought control,
 And fix our wav'ring zeal!
- 4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
 Those checks which we should know;
 Thy motions point to us the way;
 Thou giv'st us strength to go.

HYMN 9.

FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION:

From the Revelation of St. John.

- 1 **T**HOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
 Art worthy to receive;
 Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
 And by thy bounty live.

- 2 And worthy is the Lamb all pow'r,
 Honour, and wealth to gain,
 Glory, and strength; who, for our sins,
 A sacrifice was slain!
- 3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
 And ransom'd us to God,
 From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
 By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
 By all in earth and heav'n,
 To him that sits upon the throne,
 And to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN 10.

For the same.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread?
 And does thy cup, with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them thy sweet mercies know?
- 2 Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts display'd?
 Was not for you the victim slain?
 Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its holy pledges tastes!

- 5 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord!
 In countless numbers let them come,
 And gather from their Father's board,
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb!
- 6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run,
 Till with this bread all men be blest
 Who see the light, or feel the sun!

HYMN 11.

For the same.

- 1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,
 Who once at distance stood?
 And, to effect this glorious change,
 Did Jesus shed his blood?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,
 To bear our souls above!
 What should allay our lively hope.
 Or damp our flaming love!
- 3 Then let us join the heav'nly choirs,
 To praise our Heav'nly King!
 O may that love which spread this board,
 Inspire us while we sing—
- 4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
 "And to the earth be peace;
 "Good will from heav'n to man is come;
 "And let it never cease!

HYMN 12.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

- 1 **T**HE God of life, whose constant care
 With blessings crowns each op'ning year,
 My scanty span doth still prolong,
 And wakes anew mine annual song.

- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since, to this day, the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!
- 3 We yet survive; but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month, or day,
"I shall retain this vital breath,
"Thus far, at least, in league with death?"
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.
- 6 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more.
- 7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach that place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues:
- 8 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 9 O, long expected year! begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

HYMN 13.

The Christian's hope.

- 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face;
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrow of my heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give these sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

PART SECOND.

- 7 Great God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look!
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.

- 8 The stars, that in their courses roll,
 Have much instruction giv'n;
 But thy good word informs my soul
 How I may soar to heav'n.
- 9 The fields provide me food, and show
 The goodness of the Lord,
 But fruits of life and glory grow
 In thy most holy word.
- 10 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
 Here my best comfort lies;
 Here my desires are satisfy'd,
 And here my hopes arise.
- 11 Lord, make me understand thy law,
 Show what my faults have been;
 And from thy gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.
- 12 Here would I learn how Christ has died
 To save my soul from hell;
 Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 13 Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight,
 By day to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

HYMN 14.

On Gratitude to God.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise!

- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou can'st read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 12 When nature fail, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 15.

On the Glory of God in the Starry Heavens: being a translation of part of the 19th Psalm of David.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,
 And publishes to ev'ry land
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:

4. Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 16.

*On the Providence of God: Taken chiefly from the
 23d Psalm of David.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
- 2 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend:
 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant.
- 3 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;

- 5 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade;
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray.
- 6 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN 17.

For the Mercies of Redemption.

- 1 **A**LL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heav'n stands open to our view!
- 2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless woe;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,
- 3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heav'nly light:
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls, impoverish'd and undone!
- 4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state!

HYMN 18.

For public Mercies and deliverances.

- 1 **S**ALVATION doth to God belong;
His pow'r and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow;
His arm alone subdues the foe!

- 2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And though deliv'rance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.
- 3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King;
- 4 Till ev'ry public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.
- 5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
'Till life's last hour, to persevere.

HYMN 19.

On God's Dominion over the Sea.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas! thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.
- 3 Thus is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Among the wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet men, who trace the dang'rous waves,
Forget the might God who saves!

HYMN 20.

Which may be used at Sea or on Land.

- 1 **L**ORD! for the just thou dost provide;
Thou art their sure defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.
- 3 Thy goodness sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas!
- 4 When waves on waves, to heav'n uprear'd,
Defy'd the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;
- 5 To thee I rais'd my humble pray'r,
To snatch me from the grave!
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save!
- 6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And ev'ry wave was still!
- 7 For this, my life, in ev'ry state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN 21.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of grace and pow'r
 Attend his people's humble cry;
 Defend them in the needful hour,
 And send deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 In his salvation is our hope,
 And in the name of Israel's God
 Our troops shall lift their banners up;
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts;
 Our surest expectations are
 From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts!
- 4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
 And let our trust be firm and strong,
 Till thy salvation shall appear,
 And hymns of peace conclude our song.

HYMN 22.

For the use of the Sick.

- 1 **W**HEN danger, woe, or death is nigh,
 Past mercies teach me where to fly;
 Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
 When sickness grieves, and pains invade.
- 2 To all the various helps of art
 Kindly thy healing pow'r impart;
 Bethesda's bath refus'd to save,
 Unless an Angel bless'd the wave.

- 3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health when heav'n ordains.
- 4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heav'n's command restor'd the blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.
- 5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from ev'ry stain,
And save me from eternal pain.
- 6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue!
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,
And pour the horrors of despair.
- 7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my friend.
- 8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;
His blood procures to human race
Admittance to the Throne of Grace.
- 9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.
- 10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

- 11 O! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
 And bow submissive to thy will,
 Sickness and death shall both agree
 To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN 23.

On Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
 Our God deserves our song;
 We take the pattern of our praise
 From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
 Are open wide in vain,
 If he that holds the keys of death
 Command them fast again.
- 3 When he but speaks the healing word,
 Then no disease withstands;
 Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
 And fly as he commands.
- 4 If half the strings of life should break,
 He can our frame restore,
 And cast our sins behind his back,
 And they are found no more.
- 5 To him I cry'd, "Thy servant save,
 "Thou ever good and just;
 "Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave;
 "Thy pow'r is all my trust!"
- 6 He heard, and sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my falling tears:
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 'Through my remaining years.

HYMN 24.

On the same.

- 1 **M**Y God, since thou hast rais'd me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice:
Restor'd by thine Almighty pow'r,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
- 2 With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,
To thee I cry'd, and thou didst save;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.
- 3 Wherefore ye saints! rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.
- 4 His anger is but short; his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay:
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day!
- 5 Then what I vow'd, in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive, that in my grateful verse
His praises may for ever live.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided Three,
The one sole Giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

HYMN 25.

Funeral Consolations.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n declares
To those in Christ who die!
"Releas'd from all their earthly cares,
"They reign with him on high."

- 2 Then, why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardon'd we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and pow'r;
But Christ, our ransom, died!
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd
When in the grave he lay;
And rising thence, their hopes he rais'd
To everlasting day.
- 3 Then joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
"And where, O death, thy sting?"

HYMN 26.

Christ's Commission to preach the Gospel.

St. Matt. chap. x.

- 1 **G**O forth, ye heralds, in my name
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious Jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.
- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents where you go;
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heav'n taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.

- 4 Freely from me ye have receiv'd,
 Freely, in love, to others give,
 Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
 And by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 27.

*The same Commission, from St. Mark xvi. 15, &c. and
 from St. Matt. xxviii. 18. &c.*

- 1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
 "Explain to them my sacred Word,
 "Bid them believe, obey, and live!
- 2 "I'll make my great commission known,
 "And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 "By all the works that I have done,
 "And all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 "Go cast out devils in my name;
 "Nor let my prophets be afraid,
 "Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.
- 4 "While thus ye follow my commands,
 "I'm with you till the world shall end:
 "All pow'r is trusted in my hands;
 "I can destroy, and can defend."
- 5 He spake and light shone round his head!
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode!
 They to the farthest nation spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS

SET FORTH

IN GENERAL CONVENTION, 1808.

HYMN 28.

ADVENT.

The Coming and Office of Christ.

Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **H**ARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
And bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

- 6 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

HYMN 29.

EPIPHANY.

The blessedness of Gospel times; or, the Revelation
 of Christ to Jews and Gentiles.

Isa. v. 2, 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill;
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet their tidings are!
 "Zion behold thy Saviour King,
 "He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light!
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ,
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad!
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 30.

EASTER.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come saints and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The *Lord* of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!
- 4 The rising *God* forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains!
- 6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
"Born to redeem, instruct, and save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting!
"And where thy victory, O grave!"

HYMN 31.

ASCENSION.

Christ's Ascension.

Psaln xxiv. 7.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene;
 He claims those mansions as his right,
 Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,
 And Angels chant the solemn lay,
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
 The Lord of boundless pow'r possest,
 The King of saints and angels too;
 God over all, for ever blest!

HYMN 32.

PENITENTIAL.

The Penitent's Supplication.

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
 Salvation shall be all my song;
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 33.

*PENITENTIAL.**Jer. iii. 22.**Hos. xiv. 4.*

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart
 Has wander'd from the Lord!
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return;"
 Dear Lord, and may I come!
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 O take the wand'rer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live
 To speak thy wond'rous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,
 How glorious, how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

HYMN 34.

PENITENTIAL.

The Pool of Bethesda.

John v. 2—4

- 1 **H**OW long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here, in thy ways, forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?
- 2 Sinners on ev'ry side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, an helpless sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 Thou, cov'nant angel, swift come down,
To-day thine own appointments crown;
Thy pow'r into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.
- 4 Thou seest me lying at the pool;
I would, thou know'st I would, be whole:
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love.

HYMN 35.

PENITENTIAL.

- 1 **O**' THAT my load of sin were gone?
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I cannot rest, till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
 Thy light and easy burden prove,
 The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would; but thou must give the pow'r:
 My heart from ev'ry sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay:
 Appear, in my poor heart appear;
 My God, my Saviour come away!

HYMN 36.

The necessity of renewing grace.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load!
 The heart unchang'd can never rise
 To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
 In paths of ruin stray:
 Reason debas'd can never find
 The safe the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine
 The stubborn will subdue?
 'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
 To form the heart anew.

- 4 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
 And upwards bid them rise;
 And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live;
 A beam of heav'n, a vital ray—
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine!
 Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 37.

*Watchfulness and Prayer.**Matt. xxvi. 41.*

- 1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
 My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
 How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid;
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.

- 5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
 Or lure my feet aside,
 My God, thy powerful aid impart,
 My guardian and my guide.
- 6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.

HYMN 38.

The Joys of Heaven.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord! and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue;
 And let the joys of heav'n impart
 Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
 And discord there shall cease:
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
 But cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
 Th' exalted Saviour shines;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heav'nly minds.
- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in the immortal songs.
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire;
 Till, in thy blissful courts above,
 We join th' angelic choir.

HYMN 39.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 **C**OME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from this place!
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God,
 But fav'rites of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas;
- 5 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our love;
 He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
 To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of his grace
 Drink endless pleasures in

- 7 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The Hill of Sion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 40.

*Time and Eternity.**2 Cor. iv. 18.*

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our heart and eyes,
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas! how vain!
 With conscious sighs we own;
 While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
 O'ershade the smiling noon.

- 4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim!
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
 Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 41.

The Christian's Confidence.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall,
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all:

- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 42.

INVITING.

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.

Ecc. ix. 4—6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' ensure the great reward;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die:
 But all the dead forgotten lie;
 Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue;
 Since no device or work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past,
 In the cold grave to which we haste;
 But darkness, death, and long despair
 Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 43.

INVITING.

The Goodness of God.

Nahum i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise,
 For he is good, supremely good,
 And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him, we live and move;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
 With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
 What honours shall we raise?
 Not all th' angelic songs above
 Can render equal praise.

HYMN 44.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily course of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past;
 And live this day, as 'twere thy last:
 T' improve thy talents take due care;
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon day clear:
 Think how th' all seeing God, thy ways,
 And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part;
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 Glory to thee, eternal King.
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir!
 May your devotion me inspire;
 That I like you my age may spend,
 Like you may on my God attend.
- 6 May I like you in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight;
 Perform like you my Maker's will:
 O! may I never more do ill.
- 7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

- 8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, y' angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 45.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply:
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
 Close to my bed his vigils keep;
 Divine love into me instil,
 Stop all the avenues of ill.
- 7 Thought to thought with my soul converse,
 Celestial joys to me rehearse;
 And in my stead, all the night long,
 Sing to my God a grateful song.
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
 Praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, y' angelic host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 46.

Paraphrase of the 100th Psalm.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?

- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'n our voices raise;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love:
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 47.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song!
 O may his love (immortal flame!)
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
 What mortal tongue display?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die!
 Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee;
 May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
 "The Saviour dy'd for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue;
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

HYMN 48.

Communion with Christ.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heav'n and earth ador'd,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs:
The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wond'rous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy to ev'ry heart.

HYMN 49.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

- 2 The King himself comes near
 To feast his saints to-day;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
 Where Jesus is within,
 Is better than ten thousand days
 Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 Till it is call'd to soar away
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 50.

Preparations for Religious Worship.

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
 Let my religious hours alone;
 From flesh and sense I would be free,
 And hold communion, Lord, with thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire,
 To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
 And feel thine influence from above.
- 3 When I can say that God is mine,
 When I can see thy glories shine,
 I tread the world beneath my feet,
 And all that men call rich and great.
- 4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
 To cheer me in this barren land;
 And in thy temple let me know
 The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 51.

Thine Eyes shall see the King in his Beauty.

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

- 1 **S**HOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join;
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compar'd with thine.
- 2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.
- 3 But ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.
- 4 O could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour, and my King!
- 5 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there (divine employ!)
The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In songs of endless joy.
- 6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?

HYMN 52.

The excellency and sufficiency of the Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines:
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast,
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 53.

*The Seasons crowned with Goodness.**Psalm lxxv. 11.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 To hail thee, Sov'reign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigour shine
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coast redundant stores;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
 And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 54.

A Funeral Thought.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a mournful sound!
 My ears attend the cry:
 "Ye living men! come view the ground,
 "Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 "In spite of all your tow'rs!
 "The tall, the wise, the reverend head
 "Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom!
 And are we still secure!
 Still walking downward to the tomb;
 And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 55.

A Charity Hymn.

Tune. Sicillian Mariners.

- 1 **L**ORD of life, all praise excelling,
 Thou, in glory unconfi'd,
 Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
 With the poor of humble mind.
 Deign'st to make, &c.
- 2 As thy love, through all creation,
 Beams like thy diffusive light;
 So the scorn'd and humble station
 Shrinks before thine equal sight.
 So the scorn'd, &c.

- 3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:
Who the lot, &c.
- 4 "When thine harvest yields thee pleasure,
"Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
"To the poor belongs the treasure
"Of the scatter'd ears behind."
"These thy God ordains to bless
"The widow and the fatherless."
- 5 "When thine olive plants increasing,
"Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
"Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
"But not search the bough again."
"These, &c."
- 6 "When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
"Gladdens thy autumnal scene,
"Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
"But thy vines the poor shall glean."
"These, &c."
- 7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, ev'ry sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.
Mercy, ev'ry, &c.
- 8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by thee in ev'ry danger,
Heard by thee in ev'ry pray'r.
*Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.*

HYMN 56.

At the Ordination or Institution of a Minister.

- 1 **F**AATHER of mercies! in thy house
We pay our homage and our vows;
Whilst with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts, on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprang the *Apostle's* honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,
And hence the *evangelic* page.
- 4 In lower forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *Teachers* rise;
Who though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long extended line.
- 5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilst guarded by his potent hand,
Amid the rage of hell they stand.
- 6 So shall the bright succession run,
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 7 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 57.

Prayer for Ministers.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest pray'r;
 We plead for those who plead for thee,
 Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge,
 Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
 Their best acquirements are our gain,
 We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
 Their words, and let those words be thine;
 To them thy sacred truth reveal,
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain—
 Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy new creating pow'r.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
 Distressed souls forget their pains;
 Let light through distant realms be spread,
 And Zion rear her drooping head.



TABLE

*To find Psalms adapted to the Festivals and Fasts
of the Church, and other occasions.*

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		Easter Eve, - Ps. 16 Ps. 40, part 1
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		Epiphany, - - Ps. 22, part 4 Ps. 45 Ps. 67 Ps. 72 Ps. 96
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Confirmation,	Ps. 132, part 2 Ps. 19, part 2 Ps. 25, part 2 Ps. 34, part 4 Ps. 119, part 2 ib. part 5 ib. part 10	Lent, - - - Ps. 6 Ps. 32 Ps. 51 Ps. 102 Ps. 130 Ps. 143

TABLE.

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			Ps. 145, part 2

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Father of mercies! in thy word	204	Should nature's charms to please the eye	203
Father of mercies! in thy house	208	The God of life, whose constant care	166
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Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord	181	To Jesus, our exalted Lord	201
Glory to thee, my God, this night	198	Welcome, sweet day of rest	ib.
Hark the glad sound, the Saviour comes	182	When all thy mercies, O my God	169
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Hear what the voice from heaven declares	179	When, rising from the bed of death	168
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He dies! the friend of sinners, dies	184	While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night	159
Howauteous are their feet	183	While angels thus, O Lord, rejoice	160
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